This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

13999
AN

TESTIMONIALS.

From Rev. George Coles, Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal.

During the years 1828, 1829 and part of 1830, I was intimately acquainted with Brother N. P. Isaacs. I was then stationed at Duane street Church, in this city, and he was a pious, lively, active, useful and respectable member of the Church in that place, at that time. Since then it has not been our lot to be so often together; but I still regard him in the light of Christian fellowship, as a man of truth and integrity.

GEORGE COLES.

NEW YORK, June 3d, 1845.

From Rev. N. White, Pastor of Asbury Church, N. Y.

I was acquainted with Br. Isaacs, 1826—7. He was then what Br. Coles found him in 1828. I doubt not he is so now.

N. WHITE.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1845.

From Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D. Pastor Green street Church, N. Y.

I have every reason to believe that what is stated by the above brethren is correct.

A. BANGS.

June 4, 1845.

From Rev. L. C. Cheeney, late Pastor Bedford-street Church, New York.

This may certify that so far as my personal knowledge extends, Mr. N. P. Isaacs is a man of known Christian character and veracity. The public may safely rely on the truth of whatever he has stated in this Book.

L. C. CHEENEY.

NEW YORK, June, 1845.

Isaacs
AN

TWENTY YEARS

BEFORE THE MAST.

TWENTY YEARS

BEFORE THE MAST,

OR

Life in the Forecastle.

BEING

THE EXPERIENCE AND VOYAGES OF

NICHOLAS PETER ISAACS.

Containing

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPES FROM WILD BEASTS; FROM THE DANGERS OF WAR; FROM BRITISH PRESS-GANGS; FROM FREQUENT SHIPWRECKS; TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL REMARKABLE DREAMS, AND A MASS OF OTHER INTERESTING FACTS, AND INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION TO GOD.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

AND REVISED

BY THE EDITOR OF "THIRTY YEARS FROM HOME."

NEW YORK:

J. P. BECKWITH, 269 SPRING STREET.

1845.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
705268
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1915 L

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by
J. P. BECKWITH AND NICHOLAS PETER ISAACS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for
the Southern District of New York.

S. W. BENEDICT, Stereotyper and Printer,
No. 16 Spruce street, New York.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following pages profess to be written by Mr. Isaacs. This is substantially true, he having furnished the original manuscript. In revising his papers, I have used his thoughts and preserved his language as far as grammatical accuracy and perspicuity would permit. No attempt has been made *to work up* his adventures into the over-wrought style of fiction. The simplicity of an off-hand narrative has been preserved as much as possible, from a conviction that it would be more acceptable to the public in this form than in any other. A few explanations and reflections, where they seemed necessary to the unity of the work, have been wrought into the body of the story. With these exceptions the work is the production of the subject of the adventures.

New York, 1845. THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's Birth-place—His Father's Occupation—Violent Death of his Father—A Remarkable Dream—His Mother's Affliction—A Generous Uncle—A Change—The Author's desire for a life at Sea—Goes to Sea—A violent Gale—Fear of Death—Religious Awakenings—The Reproof—The Quarrel—Arrival at Lisbon—A Narrow Escape—Brutal Treatment—Quarrel between the Captain and his Mate—Lameness caused by a Blow—Dangerous Fall from the Mizen-top—Arrival at Home. - - - - 5

CHAPTER II.

The Author's strong love of the Sea continues—He is Apprenticed to Captain Cole—Sails in a Brig—Arrival at Demarara—Ravages of the Yellow Fever and Black Vomit—Death

of Captain Cole—Useless Regrets—Death of four of the Crew—Sickness of the Cook—The Author has the Yellow Fever—The Death of the Cook—Sails for England—Loss of both anchors—Captain Bowling—More Sickness and Death—Arrival at London—Sufferings of Seamen—A Generous Present—The Author returns to his Uncle. 15

CHAPTER III.

The Author ships on board a Letter of Marque—Sails to Portsmouth—Danger—A narrow escape from Death—Puts to Sea—Awful collision of two ships in a gale of wind—Arrival at Madeira—Sails to New York—From thence to Demarara—Battle between the Letter of Marque and a Spanish Privateer—Escape of the Privateer—Chagrin of the Planters—A Report—The bounty paid—A White Squall—A Yankee Trick—The mad antics of a Drunkard—Importance of Temperance at Sea—The Diana is libelled and sold. - - - - - - - - 23

CHAPTER IV.

The fate of Sailors—Injustice of Captain Mari-

ner—Legal measures—A land shark—The Author works at bucket-making—Sails to Bermuda—Is nearly drowned—Returns to the United States—Sails in the Betsy on a Sealing Voyage—A supposed Pirate—Preparation for battle — False alarms — Seal Catching—Author in danger from two lions —Successes — More dangers — A frightful leap—The wanderings of most of the crew for twenty-one days—Their famished condition—Meeting with the Genius—Partnership formed—The Wreck of the Genius—A Shore Camp—Attack by a Tiger—Return to the United States. - - - - - 35

CHAPTER V.

The Author ships in the Genius—Romantic history of the Brig—Escape from drowning at New London—Sails for St. Kitts—Violent gale — Leak discovered — Decks cleared—Death of a noble horse—The Gale abates Safe arrival — Return to America—Voyage to Bermuda—Rescue from a watery grave —Author is blinded by gunpowder—Hurricane—Return to New London—Fracas with the Mate—Brig paid off—Generosity of Captain Packer. - - - - - - - 48

CHAPTER VI.

Author enters in the Brig Friendship--The Codfishery—Return—A Second Fishing Voyage —Escape from an Ice Island—Attack by a Bear—Escape—Author returns to Connecticut—Sails to the Spanish Main—Arrival at Santander—An assault from Spanish Assassins—Escape—Monkish Ceremony—Spanish Bigotry—Wreck of a British Schooner off Santander—Three Hundred Men Drowned—Wreck of an American vessel—More attempts at Assassination—Sails for America —Violent Gale--Author is washed overboard —Is saved—Hazardous attempt to cut away a topmast—Safe arrival in port. . . 57

CHAPTER VII.

Liberality of Captain Austen--Voyage to France —Another escape from death in a gale of wind—Sale of the Brig—Discharge—Sails for Laguira—Ship touches at Falmouth—The Author is Pressed—He is Released—Sails for Laguira—Danger from Sharks—Smuggling—Seizure of the Brig—Imprisonment—Departure from Laguira—The Author is impressed again—Carried on board the

Cherub—Refusal to do Duty—Threats—Promises—The Dane's Advice—A noble-spirited Sailor—Attempt of three men to run away—Captain Cleft's vain effort to get the Author clear—Swims ashore at the risk of his life. - - - - - - - 74

CHAPTER VIII.

New Dangers—Plans of Escape—Painful situation—Enemies at hand—A Pleasant Sight—Friends at hand—Escape—Passage Home—Rescue of a Drowning Man—Pleasure of Benevolence—Voyage to West Indies—A Lee Shore—A Squall—A Sailor's Feelings—Necessity of Religious Instruction—Return to Mystic—Another Fishing Voyage—A good Market — Significant Threats — Attempted Assassination—Opposition—Friends—Changes—False Charges — Preparations for a new cruise. - - - - - - 88

CHAPTER IX.

Sails to Havana—Violation of Spanish Law—A Market—Sails to Indian River—Dangerous Sand Bar—Plenty of Fish—A Dilemma—Seventy-two days in a Solitary Bay—

Adventure with a Tiger Cat—Escape from the mouth of Indian River — Return to Charleston—Earthquake—Another shock—Reflections — A bold resolution—Sails for Connecticut with only one man—A hard gale—Smack thrown on her beam ends—Gale abates—Arrival at Mystic—New London Blockaded by the British—Attack and escape from a British Sloop-of-war—Engaged in Boat Fishing off Sandy Hook—Accident—Sickness—A long Affliction—A Cure. - - - - - - - - - 100

CHAPTER X.

Enters the Rolla, a Privateer — Fruitless Chase—A supposed Enemy — Mistake discovered — Prizes taken—A gale of wind—Ships a tremendous sea—Author is washed overboard — Saved by a rope — Scudding under bare-poles—Storm abates—Breakers on a Lee Shore—More prizes—Cruising for a Privateer—Battle between the Rolla and Rinova—Capture of the latter—Surprise of the Mate of the Rinova—Meanness of some Sailors—A fall from the flying Jib-boom—Escape—Sail discovered—Pursuit—Resolution to fight—A Yankee Trick—Capture of the Rosanna—A prospect of getting home. 112

CHAPTER XI.

An undesirable voyage—Suspected treachery —Open indications—Treachery more apparent—Fear removed—Sails in sight—Expostulation—We are put into the hands of the English—Mr. Raymond in a Passion —Captured by the English Frigate Maidstone—Transfer to the Frigate—Promises—Threats—Discouraging prospects—The Brig founders—The Frigate in danger—Continued discouragement—John Murphy—Friendly Debates—A Quarrel—Reflections — Despair —The Belvidere—Removal to the Belvidere —Expected encounter with the Essex—Boastings — Disappointment—Prisoners released on Parole—Sent to Philadelphia. - - 126

CHAPTER XII.

Quarrel with Murphy renewed and settled—Reflections—The parole men start for Baltimore—A generous friend—A misfortune—A load of Specie — Another mishap—Relief—A suspicious character—Preparations for resistance—Safe arrival at Baltimore—Visit to the Rolla—Interview with Captain Duley—Return to Mystic—Capture of the Fox—Preparations for her re-capture—The

Hero—The Author is persuaded to engage in the Expedition—The Sloop Sails—The Fox Discovered—The Battle—Capture of the Fox —Return to Mystic in triumph—Death of Captain Packer—Anecdote—Adventure with a Shark. - - - - - - - - 140

CHAPTER XIII.

The design of God's Providences—The love of God—Future character of this Work—Marriage—First step towards Reform—A Drinking Party—Moving House—The Wharf—The Ditch—Reflection—A Resolution—A Temptation—A Painful Scene—A Rum-selling Woman—Death of a Child—A Friend Indeed—Religious Convictions—Satanic Influence—Increase of Conviction—Effect of Prayer — Despondency — The Calvinistic Tailor—A Controversy—Conversion—The Tailor's Wife—Reflections — Poetical Extract. - - - - - - - - - 154

CHAPTER XIV.

Satan a Tempter—Temptation—Folly of reasoning with the Tempter — Voice of the Spirit — Deliverance — Unspeakable joy— Trials — Confidence — Joins the Church—

Methodist Class Meetings—A very remarkable Dream—Its Explanation—Haverstraw Camp Meeting—Delightful character of Camp Meetings—Great Blessings—Severe Temptation—Despondency—Victory Gained—Remarks. - - - - - - 169

CHAPTER XV.

Concluding Chapter—Passage from Mystic in a Whale Boat—Snow Storm—Boat Ashore—Effect of the Cold—Attack and Escape from Daring Thieves—A Night Adventure on the Water—Child's Life Saved—Boat run down by Hoboken Steamboat—Power of Religion in Affliction—Accident on board the Steamboat Sampson in 1839—Adieu to the Reader—Future Prospects—Concluding Note. - - - - 186

PREFACE.

To glorify God is the true object of a good man's efforts. Neither praise nor profit is a justifying motive in any project. A good Christian can consistently do nothing, unless, in his sincere opinion, his enterprise will redound to the glory of God.

These are the principles to which the author of these pages readily and cheerfully subscribes. He has been influenced by them in the preparation of his work. Did he not confidently believe that it will be an instrument of good, he would never permit it to see the light. Should the public judge otherwise, the mistake must be attributed to the *head* rather than to the *heart* of the writer.

In arriving at this conclusion, he has not relied exclusively on his own opinion. Numerous Christian friends, to whom, in the intimacy of social intercourse, he has mentioned some of the incidents of his changeful life, have often expressed a wish that these incidents might be woven together and presented to the world. Those wishes are here gratified, with the hope that these friends may find as much pleasure (and more profit) in reading his experience, as they have manifested while frequently listening to the fragments they have heard from his lips.

Whatever demonstrates the existence of an all-seeing Providence; whatever illustrates the dealings of that often inscrutable Providence, must be beneficial to men and pleasing to Almighty God. The author has been the subject of many very striking providences: he has been watched over by his Divine Father with unceasing care. To present the dealings of that Father with his soul and body is his design in this book. If the reader will peruse it, he will behold how the hand of Jehovah protected his child in field and flood, in shipwreck and storm, in battle and in peace: how he preserved him through many "long rebellious years," that he might, at last, by his Infinite mercy, redeem his soul from perdition: he will also see that great truth illustrated which is taught by Peter, that the Lord "IS LONG-SUFFERING TO US-WARD, NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH, BUT THAT ALL SHOULD COME TO REPENTANCE."

As the author's life has been spent chiefly upon the sea, he hopes these lines may find favor with sailors, and be instrumental in leading them who do business on the great deep, to put their trust in the Lord.

With such motives and objects, and with many prayers for the blessing of God upon his effort, this little book, like a new bark, is launched forth upon the uncertain sea of public patronage. May it meet with fair winds, fine weather, and many pleasant ports.

New York, 1845.

TWENTY YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

CHAPTER I.

As there is nothing in the little affairs of one's childhood which is interesting to the general reader, I shall pass briefly over the years of my early life. A few incidents, which had their influence over my subsequent destiny, are all that I shall describe.

I was born near Lauvig, in Norway, in the year 1784. My father was a fisherman, and sometimes added to this occupation that of trading, in what are called the Norway pilot-boats. Returning from one of these excursions in the year 1790, he was overtaken by a heavy gale of wind. The night was fearfully dark, the sea rough, and it is supposed that while attempting to make a harbor, his boat struck a rock, and although his cries were distinctly heard by his friends in other boats, yet he perished, owing to the utter impossibility of discovering him while floating on the dark and angry waves. Some of his property drifted on shore shortly after, but his body still remains in

its ocean grave, to be recovered only in the morning of the general resurrection.

Perhaps it is worthy of record, as a striking coincidence, that although I was then only six years old, I had a most remarkable dream on the hour and night of his death.

I dreamed that he took me to a fresh water lake where he frequently fished. I thought that we rowed to one of the many islands floating about in the lake, and that he threw his net from one point of the island to the other. He took a long pole with a heavy knob at one end, and pushed it into the water, and through the holes in the island, to drive the fish into his net. After this, I thought he proceeded to lift his net into the boat, and while thus engaged he fell overboard and was drowned. This sad termination to my dream frightened me, and I awoke, and told it to my mother. While in the act of relating the dream, the clock struck eleven! As the storm raged most pitilessly without, the already excited fears of my mother were increased, and she spent a very troubled night. The next morning the sad news reached her, that, at about eleven o'clock, her husband had perished in the storm. Though varying from the facts in many circumstances, yet, in respect to the event, and the hour of its occurrence, it was most certainly a remarkable dream, especially for a child.

This sad catastrophe left me without a father, dependent on the slender resources of my afflicted mother. I was the eldest of five children, and the prospects of my mother were sad and dreary enough. But He, who is the widow's husband and the orphan's father, came to her assistance.

I had an uncle in the city of London, England, who kept a sailors' public house, which rejoiced in the sign of the Ship, in a part of the city called Wapping, near the dock stairs. Hearing of my father's death, he very considerately made a voyage to Norway, to condole with my mother in her affliction. Seeing her condition, he generously offered to take me with him to London. After many struggles between maternal love and poverty, she consented, and my uncle conveyed me to his home in the British metropolis, where I was cordially received by my aunt and cousins.

Whether this change in my situation changed the sphere of my subsequent existence, so as to lead me to follow a sea-faring life, I cannot tell; it is probable, however, that my departed father's business would have become my own, and that had he lived, instead of visiting distant lands, I should have spent my days in fishing and trading round the shores of my Norwegian home.

But I was thrown into the very hot-bed of sailors. My uncle's house was constantly thronged with seamen from all parts of the

world. My leisure hours were spent on the shores of the Thames, amidst clouds of ships and throngs of sailors, living in all the jollity of sailor life on shore. No wonder, therefore, that my young imagination was filled with delightful pictures of the sea, and that I soon began to covet the honor, as it seemed to me, of being a sailor boy.

My uncle was opposed to my wishes. He desired to educate me for a shore life; as I could not at once attend a school because of my ignorance of the English language, he employed a person to teach me at home. But my ardor for the sea increased, and finding it impossible to quiet me, he at length determined to send me one voyage with the hope that the experiment would cure me, and make me content to stay with him in London.

For this purpose he sent me on board a ship belonging to Hull, and bound to Lisbon, on a trading voyage. She was commanded by Captain Clubertson. I was then nearly ten years old.

While on our outward voyage we encountered an unusually violent gale. So long and so severe was the storm that great fears were entertained by the captain and the crew that our ship would founder, and all on board perish.

This brought the fear of death before my eyes. The sea running to the height of mountains, the

horrid moaning of the waves, the hideous howling of the wind, the violent pitching of the ship, the rattling of the cordage, and the pale terror-stricken aspect of the crew, formed a picture well adapted to move the heart and excite the fears of any sinner. It had its effect on my young mind. My mother taught me a few religious truths, and here, for the first time in my life, I felt the powerful awakenings of the Holy Spirit. But as I knew nothing of Christ, and had none to point out the way, and none to whom I could unburden my soul, I could only breathe out my fears in the language of the Lord's prayer, which my mother had wisely taught me at the earliest possible period of my existence.

The storm subsided at last. Fine weather returned, and the pale faces of the crew were exchanged for cheerful, merry countenances. But I did not at once forget the impressions of the storm. My conscience was yet tender, and I was resolved to be a better boy. O, had there been some pious sailor on board to foster these heavenly influences, I might have been brought to Jesus!

A few days after the gale, while my fears still remained, I heard a boy, older than myself, swearing as he stood leaning against the mainmast. I approached him, and said, "William, why do you swear so?"

William laughed, and said, "Why! you swear too, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have done so, I acknowledge, but it is wrong, and I wish you to tell me whenever you hear me swear again. I mean to leave it off."

Shortly after this, I heard him swearing again, and said to him, "William, you are swearing!" Upon this, he railed at me bitterly and in the most violent language. Not satisfied with this, he struck me, and the sailors stepped up, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Give it to him, Nicholas." My spirit and my pride was roused. A fight ensued, which continued until the sailors parted us.

Can it be wondered at, that with such companions, the efforts of the Holy Spirit were ineffectual, and that its teachings faded away like a moonbeam from my heart? But thrice blessed be the name of God, he did not cease to strive with me, though my fears were less for many years, and it was a long time before I was subdued by his power.

Arriving in Lisbon in due season, we lay for some time in the harbor. Here I narrowly escaped a premature grave.

As the men were overhauling the maintop mast rigging, the end of the maintopmast fell from the maintop and struck me as I stood upon the deck, upon the head. I fell, and was ca[illegible]

below insensible. Restoratives were administered, and after some time I revived again. My preservation was a marked providence which I here thankfully recognize, and for which I sincerely praise my heavenly Father.

Here also, the captain was guilty of an unpardonable act of brutality towards me, and as it exposes the petty tyranny which some unfeeling officers of vessels see fit to exercise over boys, it may not be unworthy of record.

Captain Clubertson had invited some eight or ten captains of other vessels in port, to dine with him on board of our ship. While dinner was preparing, he sent me to the cook with a dish of neats' tongues and some ham. The cook, after disposing of its contents, laid the dish on the head of the capstan. Now it happened that the mate, who with all hands was below stowing away the cargo, called out for some one on deck to overhaul the "tackle fall" which led round the capstan. I obeyed his order, and while hauling the "fall," the dish fell into the after hold, in consequence of the rapid motion of the capstan. Seeing the dish fall, the captain in a fit of brutal passion seized a capstan bar, and striking me on the head, broke my skull!

Most of his visitors were witnesses of this uncalled for brutality, and were so incensed that they left the ship. The captain ran to the side as they descended, and asked them where they

were going. They replied, "We are going back to our own ships!"

He begged them to stay, but they coolly told him that they would not dine with such a scoundrel as he appeared to be, and away they went to their respective vessels.

Upon this, the mate came upon deck and censured the captain for striking me so severely. Words followed between them, and then a fight, in which the mate punished the captain so harshly that he was confined to his ship for two weeks. What a sad place is a ship to form the character of a child! Who can wonder that sailors are so vile, when he considers that, for the most part, they are trained from childhood in such scenes as these! It is matter of thankfulness, however, that religion is finding its way even among seamen.

From Lisbon we set sail with a convoy for Falmouth, in England. While getting under weigh, I accidentally struck my leg against a cable, which was "whipped" up to a stay. After being eight days at sea, the leg began to swell. Seeing me lame, the mate inquired what was the matter. I told him. He examined the hurt, and sent me to the captain. This gentleman, either from ignorance or malice, dosed me with salts for several days, until I became so weak, that I fainted and fell on deck. The mate then undertook to be my doctor, but my [illegible] new

worse and worse, and fearing lest I should die, the captain made signals for the hospital ship, which was with the fleet. She bore down to us, and he carried me on board of her; after due examination and consultation, the doctors advised amputation. To this, however, I strenuously objected. They then gave the captain directions for its treatment, and in three months it was cured.

From Falmouth, we sailed to Petersburg, in Russia, touching at Hamburg. After wintering in Petersburg, we set sail in the spring for Hull, full of delight at the prospect of spending a few days of repose ashore. Another accident, however, again threw me into the very jaws of death.

We were on our homeward voyage, and during the captain's watch, I was sitting with the men under the lee of the long boat. Unfortunately I fell asleep. The captain ordered the hands to reef the "mizen-topsail." Seeing me asleep, and pitying my extreme youth, the men did not call me. But while they were clewing down the sail and hauling out the reef tackles, the captain missed me. "Where is the boy Nicholas?" said he to the men.

"Asleep, sir!" one of them replied.

"Go and call him, John," responded he angrily to a man of that name.

I was called and sent aft. The captain order-

ed me aloft. Just as I reached the head of the rigging my hold gave way, and I fell. By the wonderful providence of God, the sailor just mentioned, caught me as I fell, and thus rescued me from a watery grave. For this deliverance, I also praise the name of the Lord.

Nothing else worthy of note occurred—and we soon reached Hull, where we were discharged. I returned to my uncle at London; not in the least disheartened by the accidents and sufferings I had endured in this my first voyage at sea.

CHAPTER II

HAD it been possible for the dangers of the sea or the hardships of a sailor's life, to cure me of my early passion for a life on the "ocean wave," the experience of my first voyage would have fully answered the wishes of my uncle. There was enough of unpleasancy in it, to satisfy any one of the fact, that there is nothing desirable in it on the score of ease or profit. Still I was not cured. I pined for the sea as much as at first, and the entreaties of my uncle were unavailing to detain me for any length of time ashore. It is strange that a *passion* for any pursuit will continue to inspire, and the mind to follow it in spite of every difficulty in its way. Yet such is the fact, in all the dangerous professions of this life. Perhaps danger gives the charm. It seems romantic to grapple with difficulties.

Resolved once more to try the ocean, I crossed the Thames, without the consent of my uncle, and offered to ship on board a brig, commanded by Captain Cole. Finding, upon inquiry, that I had an uncle in London, this considerate officer accompanied me home, at Wapping, and made known my wishes to my uncle. As he

despaired of conquering my inclination, and was well pleased with the manners of Captain Cole, he reluctantly gave his consent. For my better protection, he indentured me to this officer for the space of three years.

The brig was ready for sea. I went on board, and we set sail for Demarara.

We had a prosperous voyage, unmarked by any event deserving notice, until we arrived at our destination. While in port at Demarara, that terrible scourge of hot countries, the yellow fever and black vomit, broke out around us. Every morning our hearts were saddened by seeing from three to five dead bodies, lashed up in hammocks, floating down the river. We could not behold these melancholy witnesses of the desolations of death without trembling for our own safety.

For some time, however, we escaped the presence of the plague. Our captain hoped by his extreme care over his men to save them. He prohibited them from working in the sun, and permitted them to cease working altogether at the first indications of fatigue. Generous man! it is painful to record the fact, that he was the first victim of that merciless fever, in our ship.

He had been ashore one rainy day, and on returning complained of fatigue. As the evening approached he grew worse, and feeling somewhat alarmed he took some medicine, and re-

quested me to make my bed in his cabin that night, so that he might easily call me if he needed any assistance. He did not disturb me during the night; but in the morning I found him quite sick, seated and rocking himself in a chair. He then took some medicine from the chest. Shortly after the mate came down to breakfast, and from the manner of the captain, he judged him to be delirious, and felt afraid that all the symptoms of the black vomit were upon him.

A few hours afterwards he appeared more conscious, and called me to him. He took hold of the frock which I wore over my clothes, and pulled me close to his side, exclaiming in much apparent agony, "O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!"

He continued this cry until he became senseless and totally helpless, in which state he continued until the following morning, when he died.

A number of captains, then in port, came on board to attend his funeral obsequies. After the body was placed in a coffin and brought upon deck, for some reason unknown to me, these gentlemen went below. While they were gone, I approached the coffin. The lid was off, and the body covered with a flag. I removed the colors to gaze upon his face, for I loved him very tenderly, and could not reconcile myself to his death. When the officers returned, they found me weeping and clinging to the coffin, and

it was only by force that I was removed, and carried below. The corpse was then taken ashore and buried.

The fever had now fairly broken out in our ship, and by the time we reached St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, for which place we set sail after the death of Captain Cole, we had lost four men beside the captain. We had now but two men left before the mast, and to increase our difficulty, the cook and myself were seized by the fever. Mr. Mariner, the mate, who now acted as captain, sent ashore for a doctor. That gentleman left some prescriptions for the cook, but nothing for me. He thought I had the black vomit, and that nothing could save me. He, however, advised the captain to give me all the exercise that was possible. Anxious to save me, Captain Mariner took me ashore. By the blessing of a watchful Providence I recovered, while the poor cook died. So uncertain are the calculations of men!

We buried the cook in his hammock, and notwithstanding we tied some shot to his feet, we had the pain of seeing his body rise to the surface; its swollen state, owing to the fever, probably making it unusually buoyant.

This was also an unfortunate fact for us, as it proclaimed the fact that we had the dreaded fever on board, and had just received a signal from the Commodore to weigh anchor, if we

wished to sail with the convoy, then leaving St. Kitts. We needed some more men, for the captain had ascertained, just as the Commodore fired his signal gun, that his only remaining two foremast hands had run away, taking the "yawl" with them from under the stern, where it had been moored with a "*painter*." We had now only the captain, the boatswain, myself and a still smaller boy on board. We could not with this strength lift the long boat from the *gripes*. A passing boat refused to board us when they saw the corpse floating along side, and the captain knew not how to act. Fortunately, however, a brig came up on the other side. Our captain hailed her and obtained her boat to go ashore. There he found the "yawl" and shipped two hands, and a mulatto boy named Cato, from a plantation. Still we had not hands enough to weigh anchor, and as the Commodore was waiting outside for the fleet of merchantmen, we were obliged to cut our cable and put to sea.

The fleet was to touch at Tortola, and we came to anchor there with our best bower. The next morning the Commodore made a signal for the fleet to set sail for England. Again we were unable to weigh anchor, and Captain Mariner went on board the Commodore's ship to solicit help, but without success. That officer told him if he would scuttle and sink his brig, he would take him and his hands aboard, and

that he could render him no other assistance on account of the enfeebled condition of his own crew.

To this, however, our captain would not consent. He returned on board, cut his last cable, and set sail without an anchor left.

After being out a few days we fell in close company with a brig, commanded by Captain Bowling, who, after much entreaty, spared us one hand. He was a young man, and was seized the day after he came on board with the fever. It was very painful to witness his entreaties to be restored to his shipmates, and fearing he would die, our captain consented, and he returned. He died the same day.

Captain Bowling supplied his place with a Frenchman, who was a foremast hand working his passage home in the brig. The crew so resented his being sent aboard of our brig, that they manifested mutinous symptoms. Captain Bowling gave the signal for mutiny, and the Commodore's tender, a gun-brig, bore down upon him and boarded his vessel. The second mate, who had headed the disturbance, was flogged, and the affair was settled.

It seemed that our poor ship was doomed, for the same evening that the Frenchman came on board, he was taken sick with the fever. The next day he died. He was scarcely buried before the other two hands brought off by the

captain were taken sick, but by the mercy of God recovered again. The captain was seized next, and for several days, there was no one who understood navigation, to direct our course. Fortunately the weather was good and the fleet in sight, so that we kept our course, and after many hopes and fears, and not a little risk and suffering, we arrived at London, and hove-to with our kedge and hawser, until we obtained cables and anchors from the shore.

Here we were informed that the two men who ran away from us at St. Kitts, shipped on board another vessel and died on their passage home. So that the captain, the cook and all our foremast hands, had fallen by the ruthless violence of the black vomit and yellow fever.

How little do people think of the risks and sufferings of seamen! They feast on the luxuries, and delight in the productions of every part of the globe, and scarcely bestow a thought upon the men who are the agents in procuring them. Perhaps the reader may learn from the simple detail of facts just related, to feel a sympathy and to offer a prayer for the sailor, as he pursues his arduous and thankless calling.

Shortly after the arrival of our brig, the brother of Captain Cole came on board, and taking me into the cabin, presented me with a purse of ten guineas, and said, "Take this, for I understand you have been a good boy."

I then received my wages and went to my uncle's house, in Wapping, having witnessed scenes of death and dismay, in this, my second voyage to sea, sufficient to cure any but an incurable attachment to a seafaring life. Mine was incurable, and I remained as enthusiastically attached to the ocean as I was before I made my first voyage.

CHAPTER III.

My uncle now renewed his entreaties with me to abandon the sea, and by obtaining an education, fit myself for some respectable business ashore. But finding me unmoved by all his persuasions, he at last yielded, and I prepared for a third voyage.

Captain Mariner, who had succeeded to the command of the brig after the death of Captain Cole, was now captain of the schooner Diana, carrying a letter of marque,* and rated fourteen guns. He happened to meet me one day and made me an offer of fifteen dollars per month, if I would ship with him. This was large wages for a boy; so I entered myself with him, and shortly after we sailed to Portsmouth, in the British channel.

While at anchor here we encountered a terrible gale. The captain with two men were ashore, and so violent was the weather he could not get aboard. During the night the gale increased, and a large number of vessels went

* Letters of marque are permits from a government to make war on the vessels of the nation with whom it is at war.

ashore all around us. We lay with both anchors ahead, and about midnight she dragged her anchors, and struck violently; she continued thumping all night, and we expected to founder every moment. At last the morning broke, and the mate, with the men, "*bobbed*" down the sails, and attempted to slip and get off. He sent me aloft to overhaul the peak and throat halyards. I sat on the foreyard, waiting for an opportunity to reach between the futtock shrouds to catch the ends of the halyards, but before I could reach them she fell off; a sea struck her so heavily, that I lost my hold and was thrown out on the yard-arm. I was on the brink of destruction, but by a strong effort succeeded in grasping the "*lift*," and was saved. Who can deny that the aid of an ever watchful Providence secured my safety in this critical moment?

At last the gale subsided, the Diana was got into deep water, and our captain came aboard with orders to sail for Madeira, in company with a ship and brig, also having letters of marque, belonging to the same owners.

We set sail, and dropping down the channel, were soon fairly at sea.

On this passage we experienced a heavy gale which had nearly proved fatal to both ships, not so much in consequence of its violence as of an accidental collision of our vessels. The storm had raged two or three days when the brig bore

down to see how we weathered the gale. Running under our lee, she hailed us, and then luffing so as to hear our reply, her fore-topsail hove aback. She immediately fell aboard of our schooner on the larboard waist and raked us, until she shot ahead, carrying away our bowsprit and tearing away her own stem and quarter.

She then dropped to the other side and so terrible were the blows she struck us, as each tremendous wave bore her down against us, that we were thrown from our feet at each concussion. It was a fearfully magnificent spectacle to behold. Now, as we mounted a mountainous wave, it seemed that we should, the next moment, dash upon her deck as she rolled in the frightful gulf below; then we descended the trough of the sea, and the brig mounting on the rising wave, threatened to plunge upon us and bury us for ever in the deep. And then, when we came together, how terrible the expectation that we should both sink together! We made signals to the ship to come to our aid, but she either did not see them or passed them unnoticed. Night came on and we were still entangled. Death hung over us for several hours, but at last by the mercy of God we swung clear. The next day the gale abated, and though a comparative wreck, we repaired damages, and in due season arrived at Madeira.

From Madeira our schooner sailed to New York, and engaged in trading between that city and Demarara. We continued in this trade for some time, touching also at different islands in the West Indies, and having frequent skirmishes with the numerous privateers, which hovered round those waters. One of these conflicts may perhaps be interesting to the reader as illustrating some of the minor effects of war.

We were lying at Demarara, when an American schooner brought word that she had been boarded outside by a Spanish privateer, and plundered of the most valuable parts of her cargo.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence several planters came on board the Diana and requested us to join another 14-gun schooner in pursuit of the Spaniard. They offered a bounty of $200 to each man, and the privateer if we captured her.

Captain Mariner accepted the offer, but most of his own crew being ashore, he boarded the neighboring vessels and procured three volunteers for the enterprise. This made our party ten in number, including a Scotchman who was a passenger in our schooner. With this force we dropped down to the fort, from whence we took in thirty black soldiers, commanded by a white officer. The next morning, at day-break, we weighed anchor, and being joined by our

consort, sailed forth on our errand of death. Our gun-ports were all closed, we had American colors at our mast, and in every respect wore the aspect of a defenceless American merchantman. The thirty black soldiers were stationed in the waist of the ship with orders not to show their heads above the bulwarks, on pain of having their brains blown out by our captain, who stood ready to keep his threat if necessary.

Thus prepared we stood out to sea, and shortly after crossing the bar, discovered the privateer on our weather-bow. Mistaking us for a plain merchant-vessel, she bore down, and showed a disposition to attack us. Our consort being a poor sailer was now six miles astern, and Captain Mariner held a counsel with his men to know if they were willing to fight her alone. They consented, and we prepared for action.

The captain took his gold watch and some money, which he folded in a handkerchief like a cloth. He then fastened it round my waist under my clothes. He did this, he said, because if we were taken the Spaniards would not suspect a boy of having any money, and because if he were killed he wished me, should I ever reach London, to give his property to his wife; he then ordered me to stay in the cabin.

The privateer now crossed our wake and hove-to in stays, at the same time discharging a bow-chaser at us. Hearing the report of the

gun and feeling eager to share in the strife, I seized a sword and rushed upon deck. The captain drove me below again, and threatened to punish me if I dared to show myself again during the action.

Meanwhile the privateer came within hail; one of her officers, who acted as interpreter, seated on the square-sail yard, shouted, "Schooner ahoy!"

Our captain returned his hail, and then the privateer shouted again, "Lower your boat and come aboard."

Captain Mariner replied, "Our boat is leaky and will not float."

"Then we will come aboard of you," was the reply of the Spaniard. But he did not live to keep his threat personally, for in that instant, as I stood in the companion-way, I saw the Scotch passenger rise deliberately from the hen-coop, and pointing his musket, shoot him as he prepared to leave the yard.

This was the signal for action, and discovering our force, the privateer put her helm hard-up and endeavored to square-away. But being ahead, our captain ran his schooner across her fore-foot and raked her dreadfully with his waist guns and small arms. The Spaniards, seeing their dangerous situation, broke open their fore-scuttle and tried to get below. As they crowded together towards their forecastle,

our men poured in a most destructive fire upon them, and many of them fell.

At the same time death was busy in our own ship; for the Spaniards threw in some combustible matter which burst, and terribly scorched some of the black soldiers fighting in the waist of the schooner. At this juncture, I once more rushed up the companion-way, and as the captain was passing his cutlass along the deck in search of these combustibles, he touched my feet. It was impossible to see anything on account of the density of the smoke; he called out, and then caught me, and in a great rage pushed me into the cabin again.

I remained below until the boatswain called out to me to bring up cartridges. This was just what I desired, and in great glee I ran up with my arms full. Going to the gunner, on the larboard waist, I heard him exclaim with an oath, "we will have the Spaniards yet." He then ordered me to help haul out the gun. It was loaded, and we stood back. The gunner approached with his match, but before he could apply it to the touch-hole a discharge of grape-shot from the enemy struck him in the middle and cut his body to pieces, leaving only his head and feet whole. I assisted the boatswain in throwing his shattered remains overboard. The same shot which killed the gunner also killed one of two men who through fright had

left their quarters. The other, chased by the captain, broke open the fore-scuttle and leaped below, followed by his pursuer. Here he perceived that the Spaniards, covered by the smoke of their combustibles, had actually boarded our schooner. Two of them were in the "fore-chains," two in the "main-chains," and two on the "quarter." The captain instantly shot one of the latter, and a black sergeant at the same moment brought down one of those who were in the main chains. Disheartened by this rude reception, the rest retreated to their own ship.

Four Spaniards now made their appearance on our cross-trees. Two of these fell under the deadly aim of the black sergeant, and the remaining two by some one else. Seeing their men falling so rapidly, the Spaniards made a rush upon our quarter-deck with their muskets, and completely shattered our companion-way. But they met with so hearty a repulse, that they retreated, let go their grappling irons, and suddenly swung off. As she was a swift sailer, and our main-boom was shot away, she was soon beyond our reach.

A small droger filled with planters, who had watched this engagement, now came on board to ascertain our loss. They were very anxious for the capture of the Spaniard, because of the losses they had sustained by her, and they felt chagrined on account of her escape. On in-

quiry, it was found that we had lost two men, but that nearly all were wounded, and some mortally.

We now returned to Demarara, but as we had not captured the privateer, the planters refused at first to pay us the promised bounty; hearing, however, by a gentleman who came from a port where the privateer had put in to re-fit, that she had lost forty men in the conflict, they gave our men $200 each.

Such was my first experience of the horrors of war: and such is the method by which *Christian* nations settle their disputes and difficulties. Is it not enough to make Christianity blush, to have her name attached to such nations?

It was during one of these trading voyages between Demarara and New York, that we were struck by a white squall. We were scarcely moving through the still, bright waters, our sails were flapping against the mast, and we were seeking the shadow of our bulwarks from the rays of the burning sun, when suddenly we saw the squall approaching us. All was confusion in a moment; the men rushed to the halyards, but before we could let everything go, the furious gale broke upon us, and we were thrown upon our beam-ends. We now looked for nothing except a watery grave; but the fore-sheet being cut away with an axe, she righted again, and we were saved. Thus

was I again indebted for my life to the watchful providence of God. Is it not astonishing that sailors, who are the almost daily witnesses of the power and goodness of God, do not learn to love the arm that is stretched out to save them? Is not their exceeding wickedness, amidst these displays of power and mercy, a most striking proof of the depth of human depravity?

We should probably have had another engagement while in this traffic, but for a manœuvre which would do credit to the tactics of the shrewdest Yankee. We were chased by a privateer, and to deter them from an attack, our captain took a number of invalids, who had been wounded in some engagement and were going to New York with us as passengers, and because they were unable to stand, he lashed them to the rails on each side of the ship with their guns. The privateer coming within hail and seeing so imposing a force, tacked and left us to pursue our voyage in peace.

There was another occurrence also, which so strongly illustrates the maddening effects of wine, that I feel impelled to note it down for the benefit of the Temperance Cause.

We had obtained some supplies from an American schooner which we met at sea, and among these was a quarter cask of wine. The captain with the cabin passengers indulged themselves very freely with this noxious beve-

rage, until they became crazy with intoxication. They flew about like madmen, and in his frenzy one of the passengers struck the captain. Enraged by drink, the captain seized the tiller of the boat and broke the arm of one of the passengers, and struck several others until he had cleared the deck. He then rushed below for his pistols; returning to the deck and finding that every one had disappeared but the man at the helm, he ran towards him and pointing a pistol to his breast attempted to discharge it; fortunately it only flashed in the pan. He then struck the man on the head, dragged him from the helm, tied his hands and lashed him to a ringbolt. The helm neglected, the sails all fell aback, but no one dared to approach the deck. Seeing me aloft, for I had climbed up by the hoops of the mast, he called me down, promising not to touch me because I was a boy. I obeyed him and he kept his word.

But his frenzy was not yet exhausted. He seized every stray article on board and threw it below at the men. And then, in the height of his fury, he pointed a cannon at the gangway and prepared to discharge it. Had he done so, the effect would have been terrible, but with all the caprice of a drunken man, he suddenly desisted, sat down and fell asleep. The men now returned to the deck, carried the exhausted drunkard below, and the next morning when he

awoke he pretended to be utterly unconscious of the whole matter. The probability is, he was ashamed of himself, and thought it best to appear to forget the follies he had committed.

This fact shows the importance of strict temperance at sea. Had the wind risen while the drunken vagaries of the captain lasted we might have all perished. As it was, one man had his head broken and another his arm, and the rest narrowly escaped death. And all this from the use of wine! How true in this as in all other instances; that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise."

Nor was this affair without its evil fruit, for on our arrival at New York, the men libelled the schooner for their wages, and entered a complaint of ill usage against the captain. They obtained a verdict, the Diana was sold, and thus terminated my third voyage, leaving me a friendless stranger in a strange land.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM time immemorial it has been the fate of common sailors to endure uncommon hardships while at sea, and then to suffer injustice and robbery ashore. I had already experienced some of the brutality and sufferings peculiar to the sea, and it now fell to my lot to be wronged and cheated of my earnings ashore.

Having been at sea with Captain Mariner for nearly two years and a half, my wages amounted to upwards of four hundred dollars. When the crew were paid their wages, I demanded mine; but to my utter astonishment the captain, after desiring me to return with him to London, and receiving a decided refusal, claimed me as his apprentice!

This was manifestly unjust. True I had been bound to Captain Cole, but he died, and on my return to London I had left the ship: it was by an entirely new engagement that I had shipped with Mr. Mariner, his successor in command. I determined therefore to recover my wages if possible by legal measures.

This was a bold step for a boy without either money or friends. Mr. Linch, the lawyer who

acted as counsel for our men, promised to manage my case and sent for the captain. The next day, however, he told me that the indenture binding me to Captain Cole was sufficient to hold me in the service of Captain Mariner, and that consequently nothing could be done. Discouraged, but not wholly disheartened, I called on Mr. Tompkins, a lawyer in Wall street, and once more stated my grievances. He took me with him to court, and summoned Mr. Mariner to appear. While some investigations were going on, Mr. Tompkins requested to see the indenture, and by holding it up to the light it was apparent that the name of Cole had been erased and that of Mariner introduced. My lawyer said nothing, but returned the indenture.

A day was set for the trial. The captain's counsel raised legal objections and obtained its postponement. Meanwhile, Mr. Spilliard, with whom I boarded, pretended to be my friend, and having obtained my confidence, I placed myself under his protection. He persuaded me to settle the matter for eighty dollars, and when it was done brought me in a bill of charges, which left me only ten dollars! Thus he obtained about seventy dollars from a defenceless boy, for only three weeks' board and a little trouble at court. Such are the men into whose hands seamen usually fall. They are men who pos-

sess no feeling, they have no hearts, their consciences are seared, and they feel no more compunction for robbing their victim of his wages than a hawk does for making a morning's meal upon a chicken. Such men deserve the severest punishment, and if they escape it in this life, their robberies will certainly bear witness against them in the next, and bring upon their guilty heads the full vials of His wrath, who is the avenger of evil.

Feeling some disposition to remain ashore for a season, I went to work for Mr. Harvey, a cooper in Water street, between Catharine and Market streets. I continued in his employment, making buckets, for six months, when some of his men manifesting a disposition to impose upon me, I left him, though he very much wished me to remain.

My mind was now fully bent on making a voyage to England or Norway to see my mother and uncle; but as there was no ship ready to sail to those places I entered on board the sloop Grand Sachem, Captain Freeman, bound to Bermuda.

There was no occurrence on this voyage worthy of notice, but while lying at Bermuda I was once more placed in circumstances of imminent peril.

The captain, for some cause or other, discharged his mate and sent three men in the boat

to put him ashore. The men remained longer than was necessary, and he wished to go ashore himself. So he asked me if I could swim ashore and bring him the boat. I told him I would try, and leaping overboard began to swim. After swimming some distance, my strength began to fail, every stroke became increasingly feeble, my head grew dizzy and I expected to sink. To my relief, however, I found myself suddenly in shoal water. A few minutes' rest restored me, and I succeeded in bringing off the boat. Thus was I once more snatched from the jaws of death by my Almighty deliverer.

Having taken in our cargo we returned to the United States. A short and prosperous passage brought us to New London, Connecticut, where our freight and crew were discharged; the captain paying me eight dollars per month, which was one dollar per month more than his agreement.

This Captain Freeman was a very kind and generous man. He took me with him to Norwich, gave me some clothing, boarded me in his own family and sent me to school. I remained with him for some time, when he shipped as mate in a schooner bound for the South Seas. Hearing what he had done, I hurried on board and requested to ship with him. He generously offered to provide for me during his

absence if I would remain and pursue my studies. This I steadily refused, and at last I succeeded in being entered with him in the Betsy, Captain Williams, bound to the South Seas on a three years sealing voyage. I was to receive half the share of a man for my wages.

Our outward passage was marked by all the usual dulness and monotony of a long voyage, which was however relieved once by a little excitement. We had been at sea for some time when we saw a brig to windward bearing down upon us with all her sails set. Our officers, after viewing her for some time with their glasses, and seeing none but blacks on board, concluded that she must be a pirate.

This impression filled us with consternation, for we had no armament aboard. We prepared for a brisk defence, however, with such weapons as we could command. Three or four rusty old muskets, a few cutlasses, our seal clubs and seal lances, were all got in readiness, and we stood in breathless expectation waiting for the result.

The brig at last came within hail, and from being some redoubtable pirate dwindled down into a veritable Portuguese brig distressed for want of water. We supplied her wants, as far as our own limited supply would permit, and then pursued our course with many a hearty laugh at our unnecessary alarm.

After sailing a few days longer our own want of water made it necessary for us to stand in shore. We made land in two days, and found ourselves on the coast of Patagonia. The boat was sent ashore in search of water, but with no success, for wherever the men dug they found the water brackish. But though there was no water, there was an abundance of seals, and after standing off and on all night, the next morning all hands, except the captain, cook and steward, went ashore.

We soon found a large *rookery* of seals. We attacked them, and drove them into a valley a short distance from the shore. The mate, perceiving another "*rookery*" of them to windward, left me to watch the first ones while our crew attacked the other. Our prisoners appeared to lie very still as the sun poured down very hot into the valley, but after some time, to my great alarm and astonishment, I perceived that they had by slow movements entirely surrounded me. So completely had they enclosed me, that there was not a spot by which I could leave the circle. Having heard that they would not attack any one who remained perfectly still, I quieted my fears as much as possible, and sat motionless, watching my enemies, however, very closely with my eyes. Presently some of the young ones approached and began to smell around me, and then two large lions or male

seals approached me. Cold sweats now began to cover me, and I was exceedingly frightened; but to my great satisfaction, the mate and crew returned at that critical juncture and began the work of destruction among them. This was another very narrow escape from a violent death. To God be glory.

We were very successful in taking seals at the place where we had landed, for when we left we had taken nine thousand, and had their skins safely salted down on board.

To me this business of catching seals was an agreeable pastime, though by my agility and thoughtlessness I on several occasions brought myself into perilous circumstances. Once, as we noiselessly crept up to a large "*rookery*" according to our custom, lest hearing us they should rush into the sea and escape, the mate gave the word for all hands to rise and cut off their retreat. We obeyed, and being very quick in my motions, I advanced beyond the party and was attacked by the lions. Seeing my danger, the men, who were armed with spears to kill these lions, rushed forward to my rescue and saved me.

At another time we were capturing fur-seals on an island. While in the pursuit I happened to espy a seal seated on a lofty rock. I approached him and aimed a blow at his nose. The seal made a leap toward me, and threw me

down by the violence of the blow he struck in falling. Both the seal and myself were frightened; the animal ran over my body, and I, recovering my confidence, pursued him. He ran a short distance and jumped into a deep gulf, which divided the rock. Not perceiving this chasm until on its very verge, I was compelled to attempt a leap over it or fall. I did leap, and by a prodigious effort reached the other side. Had I failed, my death was inevitable, since the gulf was full a hundred feet deep. The men expressed their astonishment at the feat I had performed, and it was not without great difficulty in forming a sort of bridge with oars, &c., that I was enabled to re-cross it. Here again did the hand of the Lord deliver me.

The most affecting circumstance of this voyage was an accident, which threatened the destruction of the larger portion of our crew, including the mate.

All hands, except the captain, the cook, the steward and myself, had gone ashore for the day. The wind began to blow hard, and for fear of dragging our anchors and falling on to a dangerous reef, the captain thought it best to get under weigh and to stand off from the shore. About noon the wind died away and we were perfectly becalmed. This calm continued, so that it was three days before we could find the place where our crew had landed. Upon going

ashore, we found the ashes where they had kindled a fire, and they had written in the ashes, that they had gone southward in search of water.

We now steered south for a place called Ship Island, our captain supposing they had gone thither. Every night we saw fires burning on the mountains, but the captain supposing them to be kindled by the Indians, paid no attention to them, though it afterwards appeared that these were the signs of our lost crew. We kept on until we made a harbor, the name of which our captain did not know, but, as we struck on entering it, he gave it the name of Thumping-harbor. Here, the cook, the steward and myself set out, well supplied with food, in search of our companions. We sought for several hours in vain. At length we ascended a mountain on what is called Penguin Island, and there we discovered a boat slowly rowing toward the island. Great was our joy to find, as it touched the shore, that it was our lost crew. They were so changed through fatigue and hunger, we scarcely knew them. They had been wandering for twenty-one days, and for the last three days they had not tasted food, with the exception of a dead goose, which they had picked up in the water.

The poor fellows were so famished and so ravenous for food, that we had to restrain them

from eating, lest they should kill themselves. They had given themselves up for lost, and their joy knew no bounds when they found themselves once more on board our tight little schooner. But with all their joy, they forgot to give Him the praise whose providence had saved them.

Shortly after this adventure we fell in with a brig named "the Genius," commanded by Captain Cornwell. He had lost his tender, a shallop, and about one half of his crew. Being thus disabled from attacking a "*rookery*" of seals, and as they were now becoming very hard to take, he proposed to our captain to join together. Captain Williams consented to this arrangement, and the schooner, being secured in a safe harbor, was left in the care of two hands, while all the rest went aboard of the brig and started in pursuit of more seals.

As the brig was, like our schooner, short of water, it was necessary first to seek a fresh supply. The mate and our crew, in their wanderings, had found a fresh water river, and it was proposed to run the brig in to fill her water-casks, as the mate had sounded the channel and judged it possible to get in. On approaching the river, however, it was found that a reef ran across the channel, about a mile from the mouth of the river. Hoping to cross it safely, the mate with six men put off in a boat to see

if there was water enough to give us a passage. While he was searching for a channel, the brig edged slowly in toward the reef. The mate had orders, if he found a passage, to make a signal for the brig, if not to return. But the current having drawn him in among the breakers, he made a signal for the brig to keep off. Mistaking his meaning, the captain prepared to follow. A few moments after, we were striking violently on the ledge, but the wind hauling ahead, we tried to "wear ship," and in so doing, ran on to a sand-spit and stuck fast.

Here then was an unexpected disaster. We were completely wrecked, and one only hope was, to save as much of the cargo as possible and leave the brig to her fate.

We got ashore, and, night coming on, we ran four of our fishing boats up on the beach above high-water-mark, and made a sort of camp by turning them up on their edges. Then kindling a fire, and placing a large ship dog between us and the fire, as a sort of watch, we sought a little repose.

We lay very quietly in this position until nearly midnight, when a huge tiger, scenting his prey, came leaping on to our boat, and from thence he sprang to the ground beyond the fire. Our dog at first rushed at the tiger, who retreated a little, then sprang toward the dog and retreated again, as if uncertain whether to grapple

with his foe or not. The dog acted in the same manner.

Meanwhile we were not idle, but seizing our muskets, prepared to fire; to our utter vexation our powder was wet, and the muskets consequently useless, except as weapons of defence. We were relieved of our fears at last by the retreat of our terrible foe. I assure my readers, it is no very pleasant affair to have such a midnight visitor under such circumstances. But such are the perils incident to seamen.

The next morning, to our great though agreeable surprise, we found the brig high and dry upon the bar. For the next three days, we busied ourselves at low water in removing her cargo to the shore, after which we succeeded in getting her off the bar into the river. To save his insurance, Captain Cornwell, her commander, now sold her to Captain Williams for forty dollars. The latter then dismissed six hands in search of the schooner. They started in a large whale boat, but encountering a severe gale the second day after their departure, they were obliged to land and haul the boat ashore. Unwilling to lose time, they pursued their journey by land. For fear of the Indians they were compelled to keep along the shore. This protracted the time so much, that they ran out of provisions, and suffered extremely from fatigue. The mate was so exhausted he could go no far-

ther, and leaving one man to take care of him, the remainder continued their search after the Betsey. Fortunately they reached her soon after leaving the mate, to whom they now returned, and assisted him in reaching the vessel.

Meeting with no further accident, they soon brought her round to where the brig lay. Everything was got on board of the schooner, except sufficient to keep the brig in ballast, and it was resolved to attempt to sail her to the United States if possible. Her condition was very bad, and as the banks of the river were precipitous and steep, it was not possible to lay her ashore for repairs, but it was hoped, by keeping in company with the schooner, she might be run home.

Captain Williams, who by recent purchase had become her owner, now placed his mate, Mr. Freeman, in command, and we sailed in company. After two days, however, we lost sight of the brig, and after cruising in search of her for three days without success, concluded that she had foundered. We now shaped our course for home, and arrived at New London after a passage of one hundred and twenty days. There, to our utter astonishment, we found the Genius safely moored at the wharf; she having arrived forty-two days before the schooner.

CHAPTER V.

As the Genius was to be refitted, and to take in a cargo immediately for the West Indies, I shipped at once with Captain Williams, for my fifth voyage.

There was something as romantic and changeful in the history of the Genius, as in that of many men. She was originally built for a lime sloop, but her owners finding her to be a very fast sailer, sent her on a trip to St. Thomas, in the West Indies. On that voyage she carried away her mast, and when she was refitted, she was rigged as a brig. On her return to New York, her extraordinary sailing qualities induced some merchants to purchase and fit her out as a privateer. After she put to sea, her crew determined to turn pirates. They changed her name to the Blackjoke, and so high were her sailing qualities, that for some time nothing could reach her. She was subsequently captured by a United States ship of war, and carried into New York and sold. She was then fitted out for the South Seas, where she was wrecked as already detailed, and purchased by Captain Williams. There were, therefore, some romantic associations connected with this remarkable brig.

While she lay at New London, I experienced another of those hair-breadth escapes from a violent death, for which my experience is so remarkable. It was blowing a gale of wind, and I took a small skiff and attempted to skull ashore, but being small, her head stood out of the water, and a heavy puff of wind striking her bow, turned her head from the shore. I was not able to turn her again, and the wind continuing strong from the northeast, I sat down on the main-thwart, and tried to keep her before the wind, toward Groton Point. But as I descended the basin, the sea increased in roughness, and it was only by incessant baling and keeping her before the wind that I kept her from capsizing. My situation was now perilous in the extreme, but the eye of the Lord was watching for my safety, and five men, who saw me from the shore, came to my assistance with a long skiff, and towed me safely ashore. Captain Williams expressed his interest in my safety by giving my deliverers a gratuity of five dollars.

The Genius was now taken to Mystic, refitted and loaded; besides the cargo below, we took a deck-load of horses and oxen, and set sail for St. Kitts, in the West Indies.

After we had been three days at sea, we encountered a terrible gale from the southeast, which compelled us to lie-to. While in this situation, the sea broke heavily over our deck,

and several of the horses and oxen on deck were drowned. The brig began to leak badly; the pumps were kept in motion day and night, and the gale continuing five or six days, we were all very much exhausted. Our live stock, unable to keep standing, were drowned by the sea which continually submerged our deck. We tried to raise up those which were yet alive, but they were so enfeebled they could not stand.

The captain then called us below to get some refreshments, and while we were eating some salt pork and biscuit, as I sat on the larboard berth board, I distinctly heard the water dashing through the berth. I told the captain that there must be a bad leak somewhere. He came where I was sitting, and after examining a moment, rushed to the skuttle of the cabin floor, and removing it, to our dismay, discovered that the "run" was nearly filled with water!

All hands who could be spared from the pumps were now ordered to lighten ship. The hay on deck was speedily cast overboard, then we undertook to pitch over the horses. One of these, a noble white charger, after being thrown into the sea, swam to the windward, and then made for the brig. The noble animal threw his fore feet into the "chain plates," and when the brig rolled, his feet became jammed, and he was drawn fairly out of the water. In his mighty strugglings to get free again, he wrenched off

his feet, and soon after sunk. This sight was so painful, that notwithstanding our danger, we could not bring ourselves to the work of drowning the rest.

We continued to lighten the brig for four hours, and then, to our unspeakable joy, found that we were gaining on the leak. Fortunately the gale abated, otherwise we must have perished, for our hands and feet were swollen, and our strength nearly gone. Fine weather and rest enabled us to recover our strength, and without further disaster we reached St. Kitts. The return voyage was short and safe, and once more at Mystic, the crew of the Genius was discharged, I only being retained to keep the ship.

The following winter of my life was spent ashore, at the residence of Captain Packer, of Mystic, one of our owners, who very generously offered me a home without charge.

When the spring opened, I entered once more with Captain Williams, in the old brig, now bound on a voyage to Bermuda. The only incidents worth recording on this trip, are the following:

While we were discharging our cargo at Bermuda, the weather was exceedingly hot. As those were not, like the present, the days for tetotal ships, we were allowed what we called "Eight-water grog," which consisted of a little liquor thrown into a pail of water. About

eleven o'clock one day, the captain called all hands to "splice the main-brace," or in other words, to take a ration of this grog. I jumped upon deck, and feeling myself very much heated with my labor, without pausing to reflect, leaped overboard to cool myself. This sudden transition produced a violent chill, and I began to sink. Here, however, God's good providence directed the eye of the captain to my danger. He jumped overboard and succeeded in snatching me from a watery grave. With proper care and attention, I soon recovered.

Subsequently to this event, we lay at St. Kitts, and an American ship was brought in, charged with conveying provisions to the French. After due examination she was discharged. The captain, as an expression of his satisfaction at the result of this troublesome affair, gave a dinner to all the American commanders in port. During the afternoon we undertook to discharge an old cannon, which had no carriage, and which we had to clean out with a sponge which was too large. After firing a few times, the sponge took fire as I stood at the breech. The blaze rushed from the touch-hole into my face. By this accident, I was shockingly burned, and made blind for a fortnight. The wonder is, that my sight was not entirely destroyed. Such occurrences are warnings against those mad-cap experiments with unsuitable fire-arms, on occa-

sions of merriment, which are as common with landsmen as with sailors.

Before we returned to the United States, we made a trip to Martinique. On this passage we encountered one of those terrible hurricanes which are so common between the tropics. It came on suddenly, and increased in violence until it threatened to wreck our over-strained vessel. But by dint of good seamanship, and running the personal risk of getting the topsail yard down on the deck, in the midst of the gale, we weathered it and reached Martinique in safety, where we found every vessel had run ashore except a brig and a large schooner This fact revealed to us the magnitude of the danger we ourselves had escaped. Yet even with this discovery we had no sense of gratitude glowing in our hearts towards our great Preserver. What an ingrate is man!

We now took in a cargo from the stranded vessel, and sailed for America. This return voyage was marked with no particular incident until we were nearly home. Then the continuance of a hard head wind made our brig leak, and kept all hands at work at the pump. But after five days' beating, we reached the mouth of the harbor at New London.

The tide being against us we anchored; the captain and supercargo went ashore in a boat. The captain sent a special order by me to the

mate, not to weigh anchor that night if the wind continued to blow from the northward. This order I communicated to the mate, and then all hands except the watch on deck "turned in."

We had scarcely tumbled in to our berths before the summons came to "turn out and weigh anchor." We went upon deck and found the wind still blowing from the north; this caused us to murmur among ourselves, and to show some hesitancy about obeying orders. Seeing us in this doubtful mood, the mate cried out, "Seize your hand-spikes and get up anchor."

"Sir," said I, stepping towards him, "the wind is still from the northward, and it's contrary to the captain's orders to weigh anchor while it continues there."

This remark threw the mate into a violent passion. He rushed towards me and seized me by the collar; I resisted him. We struggled together, and he fell with his head into a slush barrel which stood near the galley. The men helped to pull him out of the barrel, and he said no more about weighing anchor. But a passenger, who was commander of one of the stranded vessels at Martinique, approached me, and said, "Young man, I am sorry you have exposed yourself to the power of the law, by striking your officer."

"Sir," I replied, "that man is only a passenger,

acting as mate, and he wished us to disobey the captain's orders, and because I objected, he struck me, and I only defended myself. I don't think therefore that I am exposed to the law."

"Well," said he, "I am glad it is so; but the mate is well acquainted with this harbor, and as I was anxious to reach home, I persuaded him to beat up to-night."

"As that is the case," I replied, "let us beat up."

So I went forward to the men, and related what had passed. They cheerfully consented, upon this view of the matter, to weigh anchor, and by the morning we were safely moored at the wharf.

Whether I did right in resisting the mate, may be a matter of doubt to many. He certainly did wrong to disobey his orders, especially as they were known to all on board. But whether it was proper for me to expostulate, I will hardly pretend to say. As the order passed from the captain to the mate through me, I am inclined to think I was right. He was wrong, too, undoubtedly for assaulting me, because what I said was spoken respectfully. My resistance was also wrong, viewed on Christian grounds: indeed had we both been Christians there would have been no altercation. His Christianity would have taught him a *faithful* observance of his

duties to his superior in command, and thus have prevented the whole affair. How necessary is Christianity to the peace of society, and how delightfully harmonious would be our social existence by land and sea if its sweet spirit ruled all our hearts!

But whether my conduct was, when morally considered, right or wrong, it was never used to my injury ashore, and when the mate left the ship, he invited me to go with him to his boarding-house.

"Yes," said I, "I'll go," for it appeared quite likely that something would grow out of our squabble, and I wished to know the worst.

He took me to his boarding-house, and calling for some punch, poured me out a glass, and said, "Let us drink and be friends." I drank and we parted.

After discharging our cargo at New London, we caried our brig round to Mystic, and were paid off.

As I had boarded with my friend Captain Packer for several months of the preceding winter, I now offered him my money, and begged him to pay himself. But he generously returned it to me, and bade me make his house my home so long as I remained single. This was spoken in the true spirit of a sailor; it was *meant*, and I continued to be an inmate of his house whenever I returned from sea.

CHAPTER VI.

THE reader should be reminded, perhaps, that I kept no journals during my numerous voyages, and in preparing this work I have had to depend entirely on my recollection. This fact must be my apology for any absence of dates and specific periods of time, which the reader may perceive. For the truth of the incidents related, I can vouch, but cannot speak so positively with respect to the exact year of their occurrence. I have therefore thought it best not to give the dates of these early voyages at all.

A sailor can never lie idle for any length of time on shore. He stays but long enough to spend his hard-earned money, and then is off to sea again. So after a brief stay at Mystic, I shipped on board the brig Friendship, bound to the straits of Belisle, owned by Captain Packer, and commanded by Captain Avery.

The scene of my toils and dangers now was to be in the cod-fisheries of the north, and truly my first initiation into the business was toilsome enough. Having reached the place of our labors, our first business was to erect a staging on the barren shore, to serve the purposes of a wharf during our stay. In doing this, we had

to stand in the water up to our necks, and when the sea broke over us, to swim. The water was very cold, and speedily produced numbness. To remedy this we waded ashore, "spliced the main-brace," and ran up and down the beach until warmth was restored to our system. We then returned to our disagreeable task, and continued for several days at low water until it was completed.

This is a specimen of the hardships endured by seamen, engaged in procuring the necessaries and luxuries of life for landsmen. Little do people think while delighting themselves with the "treasures of the deep," of their indebtedness to the mariner. Ought they not to study at least his religious advantage, in return for these exposures and sufferings?

Having finished our temporary wharf, and erected our huts ashore, for the purpose of curing the fish, we commenced operations. We fished in boats, two men being allowed in each boat. After a tolerably successful season, we prepared our fish for the European market, and returned to Mystic, where I spent the ensuing winter.

The next spring I shipped in the sloop Ravenna, Captain Jesse West, and spent another season in the cod-fishery. This trip was not so barren of incident as that of last year, and I will

venture to detain the reader while I describe one or two unusual events.

We were fishing off shore one day with but little success. Observing a large island of ice which had grounded at some distance, I proceeded towards it. We found plenty of fish, and dropping our anchor, began to throw our lines; but to our surprise our boat dragged off from the island. We then rowed up again, again our boat dragged her anchor; we did so a third time, with the same result. When we rowed up again, we heard a noise like distant thunder, which evidently proceeded from the ice. We retreated immediately and had scarcely moved from the point of danger, before a large craggy mass of ice separated from the island and tumbled, with a terrific dash, into the water. Had not our boat dragged her anchor we should have been inevitably destroyed.

Thus did I again find deliverance from the jaws of destruction, and can I doubt the doctrine of an all-pervading Providence, after so many deliverances as I have experienced! Never! As soon can I doubt my own existence.

A few days after, we heard that fish were very abundant farther eastward, and our captain determined to go thither. One man was appointed to remain ashore to cure the fish and to take care of our property. But when the day came for our departure, he declined staying, on

account of the bears, which were common on the coast. The captain then inquired if I would stay. I consented and was put ashore, furnished with a boat, fishing tackle, provisions, musket, ammunition, &c.

While seeking a place to lodge, I met a man named Denison, who was also left ashore by another vessel on the same business as myself. This was encouraging, and we agreed to keep together. We lined a fish hut with bark, fixed our berths against some stones which formed its side, and then went to work with our fish.

We lived quite peaceably in our solitude for several days. At last we were disturbed in the night by a great noise on the beach. In the morning we found large masses of small fish along the shore, and the sand plentifully marked with bear tracks. This was sufficiently alarming, as the northern bear is, at some seasons, a dangerous enemy.

We accordingly set a trap or two for Mr. Bruin and retired. Nothing disturbed us, until a little before daybreak, when I heard a bleating like that of a lamb. Then followed the growling of the bear right at my head. I started up and struck a heavy blow against the corner of the hut. Then seizing my musket I hurried outside to see if I could lodge a shot in our growling enemy; but he was already out of reach. Upon examining our abode we found that the bear

had removed the stones next to my head, and that nothing remained to protect me but a slight ceiling of bark! What a narrow escape was this from an appalling death! Can any man be more deeply indebted to God than I am for these interpositions of love? Impossible.

After returning from the straits of Belisle, I shipped in a schooner whose name I have forgotten, commanded by Captain William Austin, and bound to the Spanish Main.

On this voyage we touched at some Spanish ports, and were thrown, of course, among the ignorant votaries of the Papacy. A detailed account of these ports would not probably interest the reader, but some little incidents associated with them may do so.

We lay at Santander, and it was Christmas eve. All hands, except one to watch the ship, were ashore, to see what was going on at the church. About midnight I returned to relieve the man on the watch; but just as I reached the schooner, three Spaniards waylaid me and demanded some tobacco. I told them, as well as I could, that I had none. But they grew noisy and put on a threatening aspect. Meanwhile I was gradually moving toward the edge of the wharf. Perceiving this movement, one of the Spaniards threw one arm round my neck and with the other drew his knife, which gleamed fearfully as he placed it against my breast.

Another of them at the same moment attempted to seize my watch, but by a rapid and dexterous movement, I slid under the arm of my captor, and leaped off the dock on to the deck of my old ship Betsey, which was then in port. I rushed into the cabin, breaking open the door to obtain admission.

"What is the matter?" halloed the captain, who was lying sick in his berth watched by a boy.

The light streaming on to the deck, from the open door of the cabin, with the voice of the commander, alarmed my cowardly assassins and they fled. I then explained the cause of my abrupt entrance, and for the first time discovered that I was wounded. The knife of the Spaniard had penetrated to my breast-bone, and my bosom was full off blood. Fortunately it was only a flesh wound, which healed up in a few days.

Such assassins as these who attacked me were quite common in this and other ports; villains who would murder a man for a few shillings, and who find a ready absolution from their priests. The moral sentiment which *allows* the continuance of such things in Spain, and in other papal communities, speaks volumes of condemnation on the religious system which forms and controls it; the truth is, Roman Catholicism is inefficient to secure morality and

safety to the community, which submits to its teachings. It is *form* without power; body without soul—splendid rottenness.

But although I mercifully escaped the hands of these Spanish murderers, yet they did not sleep without finding some prey to gratify their fiendish appetites; for they murdered a man and woman that same night!

This was not the only escape I experienced from the Spanish knife. A few days after this adventure, I stood gazing on a procession of friars as it passed the cathedral. The people, who were attending the market near by, no sooner saw the friars than they forthwith left their trading and kneeled down in presence of the monks. I remained standing. Some of them who were near me pulled my jacket as a sign for me to kneel also. This however I could not consent to do, for although I had no particular religious scruples, yet I could not consent to *appear* to be a man worshipper. Presently the faces of the people grew dark and malicious. They eyed me furiously, and when they arose from their knees, several of them rushed toward me with their knives. I offered no resistance, but by a sort of impulse held out my hands filled with some cake I had just purchased to carry on board. I know not why this movement should cool their wrath, but it most certainly did, for they put up their knives.

Seeing a Spaniard standing near me, who spoke a little broken English, I asked him the reason of this conduct: he said it was because I did not kneel when the Friars passed. I told him in reply, that it would only be mockery for me to kneel, because I did not believe in their religion. He communicated this reply to his companions, and then they allowed me to pass unmolested. What a characteristic display of the spirit of the papacy was this!

The Spaniards were at this time engaged in war with the English, and one day we saw a large British schooner, bearing a flag of truce, entering the harbor. She had on board two hundred and sixty prisoners of war, which were brought in to be exchanged. She came to anchor at the Quarantine ground.

While waiting for an order to land these prisoners there was a very violent gale. The schooner dragged her anchors until she struck on a sand spit, amidst fearful breakers. The sea made fearful breaches over her deck, and the crew could not succeed in crossing her to cut the cables. Could they have done so, she might have drifted high on to the shore, and many of her passengers and crew have escaped.

Seeing her perilous condition our captain, with the master of another vessel, hurried to the commandant for permission to make an effort to rescue the shipwrecked sufferers. The

reader will scarcely believe that he refused, threatening if they did go, to imprison them and their crews! This refusal was the result of a bigoted observance of the Quarantine laws, and humanity shudders at the idea that by thus rigidly adhering to these rules, useful undoubtedly in their place, this hard-hearted commandant sacrificed the lives of nearly three hundred of his countrymen, besides the English who composed the crew of the schooner; for of all the souls on board, only one, the steward, escaped to tell the melancholy particulars of the wreck.

This man mentioned one affecting incident concerning the wreck. He said that after they were wrecked, the captain told him to stay by the wreck, for he expected that the tide which then threatened to wash them off toward the ocean, would turn in half an hour, and that then it would be possible for him to reach the shore. "For you," said the captain, "are a good swimmer, but there is no hope for me." He then gave his watch, and some pieces of gold to the steward, and said, "Take these, they will be of use to you when you reach the shore."

The steward then tried to encourage the captain, and they both lashed themselves to a part of the ship, holding the rope, however, with a round turn about their waists. The tide turn-

ed, as the captain predicted, and then, an enormous sea breaking over them, washed both the captain and steward, with some other victims overboard. The steward seized the captain for the purpose of helping him ashore, but was himself grasped by another poor wretch, who struggled hard to keep his hold. Finding it necessary to get clear of the latter man, the steward let go the captain to disengage himself, but before he was wholly freed from the other drowning wretch, the captain had disappeared. This was a fearful scene, and yet hundreds of these occur every year! Should not every Christian pray for the sailor?

This same gale caused another wreck on the same coast. It was a brig that stood in for shelter, but was ordered by a signal to come-to at the Quarantine ground. She did so, but finding she could not weather the gale without running ashore, the captain concluded to put to sea again; but in getting under weigh, she unfortunately got into the breakers, ran ashore and bilged. Another sacrifice to a foolish rigor in enforcing Quarantine laws, when true humanity required their temporary suspension.

This last vessel being an American, the United States consul took the wreck under his protection. He came on board of our ship for volunteers to save her cargo. I was one among six, who engaged in this duty.

This gave me another opportunity to witness, and indeed almost to feel, the effect of carrying offensive weapons, a practice which is universal among the Spaniards. While busy in unloading the wreck several Spaniards came on board, and getting at some liquor they drank freely, as did also some of our men. This led to a quarrel. The Spaniards drew their knives, and there was much swearing on both sides. Expecting that the affray would end in bloodshed, I hurried to the consul: he told me that we had better leave the Spaniards and work on the steerage-deck. So we cut away the fore-scuttle, and pulling off our jackets, went to work at passing up whatever we could lay hands on.

The thievish Spaniards now seized our jackets, and began to pick the pockets. We ordered them to put them down. They drew their hateful knives again, and stabbed one of our men in the arm three times. He, being unarmed, made his escape. Upon this one of the assassins made toward the hold, where I was with a ship-mate still at work. We were without arms, and seeing him approach, thought it best to avoid him. We both sprang to get out of the hold, and in so doing fell upon each other. I got up first and cleared the hold, leaving my companion behind. Presently I saw the Spaniard approaching my ship-mate, and watching my opportunity I sprang upon him, and throw-

ing him on his back, seized the hand which held the knife and shouted for aid. Our men rushed to my rescue and we secured the murderer.

I then hurried ashore and acquainted the consul with the transaction. He ordered the Spaniard to be put ashore, so we tied a rope to his feet, and hauled him upon deck. We then pushed him overboard, dragged him ashore, and placed him in charge of the consul. Such are the dangers to which seamen are exposed in the ports of Spain. Such is the character of a community where popery has its full sway, and yet the Propaganda at Rome would fain convert us Americans to the same faith! Better for us to fall back into the blindness of idolatry, than into the depths and moral horrors of Roman Catholicism.

Our cargo being completed, we sailed from Santander for home. We had a pleasant passage until we reached the isle of Sables. There we experienced a very heavy gale.

The wind began to blow from the north-east in the morning, a heavy rain falling at the same time. Seeing the mate, Mr. Joseph Dodd, of Pawtucket, a very old man, standing in the companion-way, I asked him if we had not better shorten sail. He replied, "The captain wishes to carry sail as long as she will bear it."

"Well," I replied, "we shall only lengthen

our passage, for our sails are old and wont stand this weather a great while."

"Well, Nicholas," said he, "suppose you step below and see the captain?"

I went below and expressed my fears; but he only replied, "I wish to crowd her as hard as possible, Nicholas."

"But, sir," I responded, "you must not forget that our sails wont bear much crowding."

"Well, well," said he impatiently, "I'll be up by and by, and see how things look."

Seeing that expostulation would be vain, I returned to the deck and expressed my apprehension of danger to the second mate, unless we shortened sail. While talking with him, a flaw of wind suddenly struck the ship; the man at the helm was not able to meet it in season, and swinging round she "came-to" with her foretop-sail torn into shreds. I sprang and let the main peak halyards fly; that movement relieved her and she "fell off" again.

"All hands" were now called to see what could be done with the topsail. After some consultation we went aloft and attempted to furl it, but as it was much tangled round the collar of the stay we very reluctantly gave it up as impracticable, and descended to the deck to report our failure.

Our first mate, Mr. Bonnington, who, by the way, was a very expert seaman, laughed at us

and said tauntingly, "I never went up to reef or furl a sail without doing it before I came down."

To this I replied, "Neither did I, but there must be a first time."

"I never tried a sail I could not furl," said a young seaman who was working his passage.

"Well," retorted the first mate, "let us go up and try it."

They went aloft, and seeing them by the gleaming of the lightning as they lay upon the yard, I asked the consent of the second mate to go to their assistance. He consented, and I once more ascended the shrouds: in attempting to pass the first mate, to reach the yard-arm, he stopped me and said, "Where are you going, Nicholas?"

"I'm going to bring you in the leach of the sail if I can reach it," was my reply.

"Lay in! Lay in!" he replied. "For I cannot let you go where I would not go myself."

The mate was right: it was not safe to venture on the yard-arm, because the torn fragments of the sail were flying about in every direction; but I was anxious to convince the mate that my fearlessness equalled his own. A foolish hardihood, to be sure, and one which has cost many a daring seaman his life.

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do?"

"We must leave it, for it cannot be furled

until day-light," he replied, and we all went below.

The gale increased, and we were compelled to let her scud. The sea also broke violently over us, and seeing that we shipped a great deal of water, I went to the second mate who was at the helm and said, "Sir, would it not be prudent to batten down the hatches?"

"Yes, Nicholas: but where will you find the battens?"

"I will see if I can find them, sir," I replied, and after searching awhile without success, I took some spikes which I drove into the edges of the hatches, and then bent them over. While thus engaged, I happened to look round, and perceived a fearful wave in the act of breaking over the bulwarks. My danger was imminent, but there was no time for escape. My destruction was apparently inevitable. The sea broke over her and swept the deck. I was borne along by its fury and in a moment was in the foaming deep! But even in that extremity I was not forsaken by my Divine Protector, for as I was washed overboard, I caught the span of the fore gaff which was lashed in the lee scuppers, and holding on with a grasp as powerful as a death-struggle could make it, I regained the deck when she righted. Thus was I once more rescued from the mouth of destruction!

The gale continued to increase during the night, our foretop-mast was carried away, and in falling it caught in the collar of the forestay and endangered our fore and main mast. I asked the mate if we had better not get it down, for it was evident, if it chafed off the stay, we should lose our foremast, and with that our mainmast must go also and the ship be completely wrecked.

The mate said it ought to be got down, but it was too dangerous a task to be attempted, with any hopes of success, until the gale abated.

It was now my watch below. So I retired and "turned in." About two o'clock in the morning the captain came into the forecastle to inquire if any man would volunteer to go aloft and cut away the wreck. Every man in the watch declined. As I was the youngest he questioned me last. I told him I would go.

This was indeed a hazardous attempt, for in addition to the darkness and the violence of the gale, it was very cold, and the rigging was encrusted with ice. The mate gave me his knife, saying it was very sharp, and I started aloft on my perilous task. Before I could reach the mast-head my fingers grew so numb that I dropped the mate's knife. The mast, too, was so coated with ice that I had to cling round the futtock shrouds. By the aid of my teeth I

succeeded in getting out my own knife, and after almost incredible labor succeeded in cutting away the wreck, and the topmast fell down on to the deck. My fingers were now so utterly benumbed that I could not hold on with my hands but had to descend by my arms, thrusting them through the ratlings. By this means I at last succeeded in reaching the deck, though in a very exhausted state. "Come, Nicholas," said the captain, who had anxiously watched my descent, "you have done *your* part. Go down into the cabin."

I obeyed, and when below, he said, "Nicholas, are your hands very cold?"

"I don't know, sir. There is no feeling in them!" He bid me hold them out while he poured spirits upon them, and chafed them between his own, until the sense of feeling returned; my first sensation was that of burning fire coursing through my veins, but as he continued to rub them, they at last recovered their natural feeling. He then made me "turn in" to a berth in the cabin, and would not permit me to do any more duty until the next day.

The gale abated the following morning, and without further delay or disaster, we made a pleasant passage to New York. The hands were discharged, and I returned to my home in Mystic, Connecticut, on board a sloop called the Fox.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Austen had requested me to go to Stonington, Connecticut, for my wages. So in a few days I went over, and found the captain absent. He had left his books with his son, and on coming to a settlement, it appeared that he had charged me with seven dollars for some fish, stolen by a Spaniard, while we lay at Santander. This theft occurred during another man's watch. I refused to allow the charge, and told young Mr. Austen that if he would not pay my whole wages I would take none.

Upon this Mrs. Austen asked if my name was Isaacs.

"Yes, my name is Isaacs, ma'am," I replied.

"I have heard Mr. Austen speak of you, and if you will take what my son offers you, I assure you on the word of a woman, that you shall have the remainder when Mr. Austen returns."

This was satisfactory. I took my money and returned. A few days subsequent to this, Captain Austen came to Mystic; and calling upon me, paid the remaining seven dollars. He then gave me fourteen dollars besides, and said, "This

is for going aloft in the gale and cutting away the wreck."

Of course I accepted his gift cheerfully, and have recorded the fact, as an inducement to other commanders to honorably reward those of their men, who run great personal hazards to save their ships in times of imminent peril. Such gifts are not without their influence on others, besides the particular individuals upon whom they are conferred.

After spending another season in fishing at the straits of Belisle, I entered the brig Lion, Captain Amos Cleft master, and sailed to Nantes in France. We had a pleasant passage, unmarked by any incident which would interest the reader. Finding no market for our cargo of fish at Nantes, we sailed for Santander.

This passage brought with it a gale, and in that gale I was once more placed in perilous circumstances.

We were ordered up to reef: after clewing down the topsail and hauling out the reef-tackle, we went aft to "steady in" the "weather-brace." The captain said he would attend to the braces below, and ordered us aloft again. While I stood aloft, I looked aft and saw the captain steadying in the weather-brace. He then went to leeward to steady in the lee-brace, but as he had not "spilt" the sail sufficiently, I

cried out to him that he had not spilt the sail enough to allow us to get out on the yard, for it was still blowing over the yard. Upon this he ordered the man at the helm to "put his helm down;" this brought the sail aback. I, being ahead, pushed out on the weather yard-arm, and then the helmsman shifting his helm again, the sail suddenly filled and blew over my head. As a consequence, my hands slipped from the yard, and my whole weight was suspended by my fingers, which in the moment I thrust in between the yard and the roping which tied the sail to it. There I hung suspended between life and death, expecting with every roll of the ship that I should lose my grasp; upon looking about I found myself close to the stirrup, which is a short rope secured to the centre of the yard-arm, with a thimble in the lower end. To catch this rope was now my only hope, but it was beneath the yard, and there was danger in letting go my present hold, and grasping after it, and I trembled at the risk. Still it was my only alternative, and I resolved to try. While watching for an opportunity to make the forlorn effort, I lost my hold and fell! Death now seemed inevitable. Yet, incredible as it may appear, I despairingly snatched at the rope in my descent, and by the mercy of Almighty God, succeeded in laying hold of it, and was saved!

At Santander Captain Cleft sold both his cargo and the brig. She was put into ballast and fitted out for a passage to Laguira. As Mr. Cleft remained in command, he desired me to reship with him. Fearful of being pressed by the British, I at first declined, but as he persuaded me with much urgency, and obtained a protection for me from the American Consul, I consented, and soon after the brig sailed.

On our passage we touched at Falmouth, a port on the English channel. Here my worst fears were realized, for that most hateful of all gangs, a British press-gang, came on board, and seizing me, carried me to their rendezvous.

This was by no means an agreeable adventure. However fond I might be of a life on the ocean, I had no fancy for an *involuntary* position in an English man-of-war. Yet, here I was in their hands, with little hope of escape.

Captain Cleft, however, resolved to recover me if possible. He obtained an audience from the proper authorities, and I was restored to my ship.

Our ship having taken in her cargo, we sailed from Falmouth, bound to Laguira.

When we had nearly reached our destined port, several of our hands, including myself, narrowly escaped destruction from the jaws of a shark. The day was very calm, and many of

us were trying our skill at swimming. We had been diving for some time from the jib-boom, and were preparing to test our aquatic powers once more, when our supercargo, who, by the way, was a funny, good-natured Frenchman, cried out most lustily; "A Shark! A Shark!"

"Shark! Shark! Look out for the Shark!" was repeated by several voices, just as we were in the act of leaping from the boom. By a strong effort we kept our standing, and saw the shark with his obtruding fin glide from beneath the ship through the clear water by her side.

Having disappointed this voracious monster of his expected prey, we tried in turn to victimize him. We tried a piece of pork and a bow-line, then an old pair of pants let down and drawn by a rope until they filled and looked like the body of a man. But although his *sharkship* tore the pants to pieces, we could not ensnare him with our bow-line. This escape from his jaws had the effect of keeping us from any more feats of skill in the swimming line.

At Laguira we lost our brig and cargo. The supercargo had a large quantity of goods on board, which he intended to smuggle ashore. In bargaining with a Spaniard to do the job, he could not come to terms with him, on account of his very exorbitant demands. Failing of his job, the Spaniard, determined on getting

money in some way, laid a complaint before the authorities, and charged us with smuggling. The brig was seized; Captain Cleft, the passengers, and all hands except the mate, one man and myself, were imprisoned.

For two weeks the mate and I visited our companions and carried them food to their prison. At the end of this period they were released, and the mate was imprisoned, as a sort of hostage, until the trial should be had. But the mate fell very sick, and out of pity, the authorities permitted him to be taken to a dwelling-house, where he might be properly treated. After this, our captain being aware of the probable severity with which his offence would be punished, secretly conveyed the sick mate to another brig, bound for the United States, and then, with his crew, embarked in a "ballahoo" schooner, bound for St. Thomas. Such are the fruits of trying to avoid the operations of law by what is called smuggling. It is better to be engaged in an open, honest business, though the profit be less, than to be guilty of illegal practices, even though the profit be very large if successfully carried out: The old maxim is eternally true, that "Honesty is the best policy."

Upon reaching St. Thomas, we were boarded by a boat from the Cherub, an English sloop of war, then belonging to the fleet assembled in

the West Indies, under an admiral of the white. This boat's crew was nothing more or less than a press-gang, and I with another of my shipmates was ordered to leave the schooner and enter the boat. I took my clothes with twenty-four dollars in money, together with my protections, and prepared to leave, after giving the balance of my money to my shipmates, and telling them to keep it for me if I returned, and if not to use it for themselves. I then stepped into the boat.

"I am an American Citizen," said my companion to the British officer who ordered him into the boat.

"I don't care for that," replied the officer, and then he added authoritatively, "Get into the boat." Such was the treatment of American seamen then, by British naval officers; in case of another war, I apprehend it will be different. England has learned to respect our flag, and the expression, "I am an American Citizen," will henceforth be as effectual to shade her sons as that of "I am a Roman Citizen," was formerly the broad ægis for the defence of her children in every part of the globe: it ought to be so.

Having arrived on board the Cherub, I with other impressed men was called aft to be stationed. My name was called. I answered, and the officer said, "Your station is in the foretop."

"I can do no duty, sir," I replied. "I look on myself as a prisoner of war, and as such am willing to suffer."

"You are an Englishman, and must do your duty," replied the officer.

I then showed him both my Danish and American protections, but it mattered not, he still insisted that I was an Englishman and on my doing duty in the fore-top, and I continued to refuse.

This was repeated for three days with the same result, only the last day, they threatened me with severe punishments. I was ordered to be put on half allowance, and whenever we came to an engagement, I was to be placed in the slaughter-house, or waist of the ship, where the most lives are usually lost during an action.

To all this, I only replied that they might do as they pleased, for I was resolved not to do any duty in the English service.

Finding me to be immoveable, they next tried the power of kindness and flattery, by offering me speedy promotion, or if I would go on duty, they said, they would release me after they had impressed another man to take my place. Finding me still unmoved, they once more resorted to threats, and with the same result.

After one of these interviews with the officer, one day, a Dane came to me and said in broken English, that he was a Dane, and was willing to

fight for England, and that I had as good a right to do so as he had.

To this dastardly confession I answered, that if he was disposed to join with the enemies of his country, I was not, and that the mere fact of my being impressed, could not, and should not change my sense of duty to my country.

Very different to the spirit of this mean-spirited Dane, was the tone of a noble old Englishman, a veteran man-of-war's man, who one day slapped me on the shoulder in true sailor fashion, and said, "I glory in you for maintaining your rights; for although I am an Englishman and am bound to fight for my country, yet I love to see other men true to theirs." This was a noble sentiment, and shows how little sympathy the *English sailor* has with that abominable practice of his government, which employs *force* to fill her wooden walls with men to fight her battles.

During these days of suspense, I was constantly planning some way to make my escape, but the presence of a shark alongside deterred me. Three men, in spite of the almost certain death which awaited them, did make the attempt; one of the poor fellows was devoured, the other, after being severely bit, was retaken, and the third escaped. This was a terrifying fact, and I could not at first bring my mind to make a similar attempt.

At last we got under weigh for Barbadoes. All hope of escape fled from my bosom, but just then I saw Captain Cleft approaching the ship, in his boat. We were lying off and on waiting for the captain, and this gave Captain Cleft an opportunity to get aboard. He came, and I once more began to hope. He succeeded in rescuing my American shipmate, but could not procure my release. He assured me he had done his utmost, and bade me adieu, leaving me very much discouraged.

At last our captain came on board, and we sailed for Barbadoes. Scarcely had we left St. Thomas, before the captain was taken so sick that it was thought advisable to return to St. Thomas. They did so, the captain was carried ashore, and in three days afterwards died. At his funeral five of the men ran away; the sailing-master manned his boat in pursuit, and swore that he would have them and ten more before night.

I had been gradually bringing my mind to a stern resolution to attempt my escape. True, it was almost certain death by the sharks, or by drowning, before I could reach the shore, for the distance was great: but then it was worse than death to stay in my situation, and to be placed as a target in the first action which should occur. So I decided to risk the sharks and the sea, and by all means escape from the Cherub if possible.

With this resolution, I made my preparations to try the rash experiment that night. When it grew dark, I saw that the sentries were all doubled, and it was whispered about the ship that the shark was alongside. These were discouragements, but still I did not despair. When everything was still I crept forward. Two sentries stood at the "heel" of the bowsprit, armed with muskets, and leaning on the "night-heads." A careful observation assured me that they were asleep: with a stealthy step, I passed between them, reached the head of the ship, and crept under the platform between the fastenings of the bowsprit and the figure-head. There I paused and arranged my clothes and papers to the best advantage. Then seizing the "bobstay," I proceeded to lower myself into the water. Great was my horror, however, to perceive, just as I reached the water, the ominous fin of a shark, as the terrible creature crossed the ship's bows. Half petrified with alarm I drew myself back! Another moment and I should have been the victim of this fearful and ravenous fish; but the good hand of the Lord was yet upon me, and I was delivered.

While reflecting on my perilous condition, and hesitating whether to run the risk of an almost certain death, or discovery of my attempt by my masters, I saw some one stealthily creeping under the head-railings of the ship. I haul-

ed myself up to him by the "bobstay," and soon discovered that the intruder was a colored man. With a low whisper I said to him, "What do you mean to do here?"

"To run away," he replied.

At that moment I heard the sound of the ship's boat, so I said to him, "The boat is coming, and there was a shark under the bow just now! You had better keep still till the boat is hoisted in and the crew are gone below."

He nodded an assent, and we remained in perfect silence until all was still throughout the ship. I then told him to wait a few minutes after I should start, lest we should make a wake so large by swimming in company, that our movement would be perceived by the lookout on board. With this precautionary advice, I gradually lowered myself into the water, and began to swim away from the ship.

Before I had reached as far as the end of the jib-boom, my shipmate foolishly sprang into the water. He made a great splashing by this jump, the sentries were startled, and the cry of "A man overboard!" rung through the ship.

This cry was followed, in a moment, by an order to lower the boat. With the utmost rapidity the order was obeyed, and the boat soon engaged in swift pursuit.

Meanwhile, I had been swimming for my life, and had succeeded in keeping ahead of my com-

panion. Presently the boat came up with him, and I heard the crew exclaim, "He is diving!" Then followed a cry of "Here he is!" and a brief struggle, so that I knew he was captured. To avoid making a noise, I had thrown myself on my back, when to my great annoyance the boat shot by me; indeed it narrowly avoided running on to me. This was a critical moment. To avoid discovery seemed impossible. Yet, I resolved not to betray myself by any movement of my own. My suspense was terrible, but was shortly relieved by the departure of the boat. They had not discovered me!

While they rowed toward the ship, I swam most lustily toward the shore. The distance was reputed to be three miles, and when I came near the termination of my adventure, my strength began to fail me. My clothes and papers were all fastened to my hat, and being wet, added very much to my fatigue; yet, as they were absolutely necessary if I reached the shore, I would not throw them away.

While struggling slowly forward, I perceived what I thought to be a shark! My blood curdled in my veins, and with a convulsive effort, and in a half phrenzied state of mind, I threw myself upon it! Judge of my delight then, when, instead of a formidable shark, I found a large log with a knot, which rising above the water, had all the appearance of being the fin of a

shark. Gladly did I cling to this "friend in need," for my strength was now nearly gone, and by its aid resumed my efforts to reach the shore.

After some time, I tried to reach bottom, but went under. I swam farther and tried again, but with like success. At length, after repeated trials, the surf washed me up among the rocks.

Fearful of being washed back again, I seized what seamen call a sea-egg, which is a cluster of briers growing on the rocks. But the pain was too much to be endured, and I was carried into deep water. Again the surf washed me among the rocks, and then I grasped a jutting crag, and succeeded in holding on. When the waves receded, I endeavored to walk, but could not stand. Dropping on my hands and knees, I scrambled over the rocks until, by the blessing of Almighty God, I sat down on the beach beyond the reach of the water.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING I had escaped the sea, and was clear of the Cherub, yet, my way was still beset with dangers, and it was doubtful whether, even now, I should get clear from the English service. The roads leading to the town passed the forts, and were guarded by British soldiers. A tempting bounty of five pounds invited suspicion to rest on every fugitive sailor, and my chances of final escape were therefore very few.

These exigencies led me to study for some other plan beside that of entering the town by the side next to the harbor. Upon looking round, I perceived a lofty hill rising up beyond the shore, and resolved if possible to climb to its summit, and to see if there was not an approach to the town from another direction. But in this instance it was easier to resolve than to perform, for the ascent was so steep, and so thickly studded with thorns and briers, that, after making incredible efforts to ascend, and scratching and lacerating my feet beyond endurance, I was compelled to relinquish the attempt and return to the beach. With great caution I pushed along the shore road, and at

last succeeded in reaching a small beach where a boat lay bottom upwards. Here I sat down to rest and wait for day-light, and in truth my condition was a very sorry one. Exhausted with fatigue, my feet almost torn to pieces by thorns, annoyed by innumerable armies of mosquitoes, no place of security near me, and the highest probability of being arrested in the morning—these were discouragements enough; but I nursed my courage as well as my circumstances permitted, and hopefully waited for the morning; indeed, such was my total exhaustion, that in spite of all my apprehensions I fell asleep.

The booming sound of a gun awoke me: it was the signal of day-light. So starting from my sandy couch, I rose, and peeping through the gate of the town, saw three of the marines belonging to the Cherub. Alas! how soon I had fallen into the snare again! What could I do? To run was alike impossible and useless. A bold face could alone save me, so I deliberately walked along toward them. They looked at me somewhat suspiciously, but perhaps owing to the dimness of the light did not recognize me. With much inward self-gratification, I passed on until I reached a point which overlooked the harbor. There I perceived the Cherub getting under weigh. Her boat was coming toward the shore after the marines. I watched her until

the boat returned, and she, crowding all her sails to the morning breeze, stood fairly out to sea. This was a joyful sight to me, and I hurried down to the shore, and hailed the schooner from which I had been pressed. They answered my hail, sent their boat ashore and conveyed me on board. Captain Cleft treated me with great kindness, gave me refreshments, and afterwards sent me ashore to a boarding-house, where most of the men remained for fear of the press-gangs.

Thus, after enduring almost incredible hardships, and escaping the most obvious dangers, I was freed from the power of the English. I am sure the reader will admit that I deserved my liberty, since I had procured it at the risk of my life. What a disgrace it is to the proud lion-flag of England, that it is defended by so many involuntary seamen! How strange that it has been so often victorious with such defenders! But the reason is, probably, that her enemies have usually been supplied with crews as involuntary as her own, until she met with the navy of America. There her glory was tarnished, because every man in this new enemy felt a personal interest in the issue of the conflict. The American man-of-war carries voluntary warriors, whose hearts are in the object for which the din of battle rages. What wonder then that they are victorious?

A few days after my return to the schooner,

Captain Cleft found another schooner bound to New York. We all shipped, and after a tolerably pleasant passage, reached that port in safety.

We had, however, on the passage some symptoms of the yellow-fever. One of our men had slept on the main hatch, and in the morning was taken very sick. Others were taken sick after we got to sea, and one of our hands, after an attack of the fever, had the "third-day" ague. By the blessing of a kind providence, no life fell a prey to this terrible scourge. The ague, however, continued to afflict one of our men, after our arrival at New York. Here no one would admit the poor fellow to a boarding-house, for fear of the fever, and I know not what would have become of the poor wretch, if I had not accidentally met with Captain Amariah Williams. I told him of the sickness of poor Crary, and with the genuine humanity of a sailor, he ordered a carriage to convey the afflicted seaman to his own residence. He also gave me leave to stay with him, which I did until a vessel was ready to sail for Mystic, in which we both took passage. The sick man soon recovered after his arrival home.

I remained for some time at Mystic, before starting on another voyage. There is nothing usually in the life of a sailor ashore, of any interest to a reader of books; but I cannot forbear mentioning one fact during this sojourn, because

of the pleasure which its remembrance has always afforded me.

I was returning in a small boat, from what is called Rum-Island channel. An old man in a very old canoe, was engaged in fishing, and as he sat in the stern clearing up his line, a roll of the sea capsized his canoe, and he tumbled into the sea. Before I could reach him, he had righted the canoe and seated himself in the stern again, when I came up to him, he very good-humoredly remarked, "That was a curious caper I cut just now. Wasn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "and you will cut just such another caper, as you call it, if you don't mind; for your canoe is very crank!"

The old man laughed heartily, and the sea at the same moment rolled his canoe over again. He came up blowing and splashing, but failed in grasping his canoe. He began to sink, and seeing his peril I jumped overboard and swam towards him; as he was a very heavy man it struck me, that if he grappled me, we should probably drown together; so I first laid hold of his canoe and then swam with it to where he was struggling for life. He was just sinking as I caught him with one hand. I brough him to the gunwale of the canoe, and kept him afloat until a boat pushed off from the shore and took us in. On getting him out of the water, we found his feet and legs to be entangled in

his line, so as to prevent him from swimming: but for me he must have perished.

The pleasure of reflecting on an act of this kind is very great. God has made us so, that doing one kind act affords more pleasure than a thousand gratifications of a selfish feeling. Hence he who does most for men is the happiest of his species, and is a living illustration of that sublime truth which teaches that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

My next voyage was in a brig commanded by Captain Robert Avery, as second mate. We were bound to the West Indies.

This voyage was in no way remarkable except for a hair-breadth escape from a lee-shore. It was my watch on deck, and after some time the man at the helm said to me, "Sir, I cannot see the compass, my eyes are so weak."

"Well," said I, "give me the helm, and you go forward and keep a good look-out a-head."

Shortly after, I heard a man who had gone aloft cry out to the man on deck. I shouted, "Do you see anything."

"Yes, sir, there are breakers a-head," he replied.

Casting my eyes under the boom, I clearly distinguished the white foam of the breakers as they dashed upon the rocks. Returning to the companion-way, I cried out, "Captain Avery, there are breakers under our lee."

He sprang on deck, and shouted, "Put your helm down! put your helm down!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said I, "but had you not better get the men up to tend the head sheets first, for we are not running directly on the reef?"

"Yes," he replied, and then called all hands up. Seeing them coming up from the forecastle, I asked, "Are you ready to put her into stays, men?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was their reply; but they were so confused they did not know what to do. Neither the tack sheets nor bow-lines were started, and the brig got dead in the wind, and would not fall off. Our danger was imminent; we were nearly in the breakers, and once among them, our destruction was inevitable. Seeing she would not fall off until she got "stern-board," I shifted my helm to windward. This answered the purpose of a "stern-board," as putting her helm down does when a ship is going a-head. As I expected, she began to fall off very slowly. Captain Avery came aft, and said, "O Lord, what shall we do?"

He was very much alarmed, and then looking at me he exclaimed in increased terror, "Why, Isaacs, you have got the helm up."

"Yes, sir, I have shifted it for a stern-board." He looked over her side, and saw from her position that I was right. Seeing his discourage-

ment, I said, "She is falling off, sir, and we shall soon be safe!"

We now gained on the breakers every moment, and were soon standing well off from the reef. Just as we were getting rid of our fears, we saw a heavy squall making towards us. We were then under single reefed topsail, and Captain Avery thought it best to settle away, and take in another reef before the squall struck us. I suggested that it would be better to risk her masts with a single reef, so as to get a good offing, rather than to run the risk of being driven by the squall back on to the reef, and lose everything. He consented; we got a good offing, bore the squall finely, and at last got beyond the reach of danger.

This was certainly sailing on the borders of death. Our lives hung on the decisions of a moment; the suspense of these moments, when death stares the sailor in the face, is terrible. His knees quake, his face is pale, the whole man is terrified. Why does he not think of eternity? Why do not his prayers ascend to God in these moments of peril? They do, for the sailor is a man. But he soon forgets his terrors; his fears vanish with his dangers, and he returns to his oaths with the return of peace and safety. Perhaps if more were done to impress divine truth upon his heart when he is

ashore, he might be more deeply moved when he is at sea.

After returning to Mystic in this brig, I entered on board a fishing-smack, George Sunderland master, bound to Charleston, South Carolina. We found fishing very dull, and having a passenger on board who had been to Havana, who told us that he was once becalmed off Tortuga, and that the sailors took a large number of fish called "grappers and snappers," which they carried into Havana, and sold to the Spaniards for a high price, this intelligence determined our captain to make a similar experiment. So we sailed to Tortuga, and in three days caught a fare of fish, with which we sailed to Havana. The enterprise was entirely successful; the Spaniards came aboard of us, and paid us from two and a half to four dollars a fish for our cargo.

Our visit was by no means agreeable to the Spanish fishermen. They frequently rowed by us in their boats, and very significantly drew their knives across their throats. This threat was as sincere as it was significant, and I on one occasion nearly experienced its execution.

I was very busy one day selling fish to our visitors, and happened to throw some dead ones down on the deck. A Spaniard who belonged to a row-boat, stole one of them. A lad named Manuel told me of the theft; I searched

his boat and found the fish. I then told him, that if he came aboard our smack again, we would take care of him. Then turning round towards the smack, he drew his knife, and attempted to plunge it into my back. Fortunately two Spanish gentlemen witnessed his movement, and arrested his arm. But for their intervention I should have perished by the knife of that malicious murderer. Surely God was watching over me!

We continued to carry fish to Havana, and the opposition of the fishermen and the fish merchants increased continually. But the wealthy inhabitants were determined to have the fish, and they obtained a permit for us to visit the port. They were willing, too, to pay a very liberal price for them. One day several gentlemen, apparently of high rank, came aboard, and the well was nearly empty. At first, we could not catch what were left, but by a great effort I at last obtained them, and then presented each of our visitors with a fish. They refused to accept them as a gift, but paid four dollars a piece for them, and gave me four dollars for my trouble in getting them out of the well.

Notwithstanding the assurances of the wealthy Spaniards, Captain Sunderland determined to quit the trade. He carried the smack into Charleston. The crew were so discontented at this movement that we all left and engaged in

another smack with Captain John Appleman. We at once entered on the old business, and Captain Sunderland, seeing our determination, obtained some more hands and returned too.

While getting our fish, we were boarded by a French privateer, who wished us to obtain information for him at Havana concerning a vessel containing a large amount of specie. This was an unfortunate affair for us, as will appear hereafter.

After a few trips from the fishing ground to Havana, I returned to Mystic. There I purchased a part of a smack called the Rover, of my old and well-tried friend Captain Edward Packer. She was refitted, and with Captain Amos Cleft for master, we sailed for Jamaica in the West Indies. Finding we could not make a market for our fish at this island, we returned to try Havana again.

After catching a load of fish we put in at Havana. To our surprise we were forbidden to trade, and the reason assigned was, that the smack men had given information to the French privateer, and she had captured the Spanish ship with the specie on board; true the Spaniards had retaken her, but the blame of her capture was very unjustly laid at our door.

Disappointed of a market, we returned to Charleston, and after a short time Captain Cleft

left us, and went to Mystic, leaving the smack in charge of Samuel Burrows. At the close of the fishing season Mr. Burrows and the crew went home, and left me alone with the smack.

765268

CHAPTER IX.

Being unwilling to lie idle in Charleston, and having a partial ownership in the smack, I procured some hands, and resolved to try my fortune once more at Havana. While running down between the East Florida reef and the Keys, we encountered a gale which detained us eight days. However, we rode it safely through, and soon after caught a fine load of fish at Tortuga, and then stood for Havana.

A short sail brought us before that city in the evening. It was illegal to enter the harbor by the Moro Castle at night; but, as there was every appearance of squally weather, we ran along close to the shore on our larboard bow, until we got abreast of the castle. There we let go our anchor, but not before the sentry had hailed us, and ordered us to come to. I told him we had, and as we lowered our sails at the same instant, we were not molested. This was running a great risk, for the Spaniards were as likely to greet us with a shot, as with a summons, for entering their port in the manner we did.

The next day I went ashore and obtained per-

mission to sell my fish, on the ground that I was short of provisions. But as they would not permit a continuance of the trade without certain stipulations by no means agreeable, I returned to Charleston, and continued to fish in and out of that port.

After a short time, we heard a rumor that there was an abundance of fish in Indian river, East Florida. We started, and after a pleasant run, reached the mouth of that river.

The breakers being very rough over the bar, I sent a boat to sound the channel. The deepest water they could find on the bar was only six feet. Our smack drew between seven and eight feet aft, but less forward. To put her in trim we took everything out of the "run," and stowed it forward. Then, taking in two reefs in her mainsail, and giving her the whole jib, placing one man at the mainsheet, another at the jibsheet, and another at the peak and throat halyards, so that if she should not readily answer the helm, they might start or haul in the sheets, I took the helm and steered toward the critical channel. The breakers ran high, and the channel was narrow; but, guided by a buoy, which we had secured beforehand, we succeeded in running her safely beyond the bar; though in doing so, she touched three times.

Within the bar the water was smooth, and the anchorage safe. Fish too was very abundant;

and in three days we obtained a large freight, composed mostly of large Southern bass. We then dropped down to the channel, but the wind dying away, it was impossible to cross the bar on account of the tide. The next day it blew a heavy gale from the eastward. This gale washed up a great deal of sand, so that when it subsided, we found only four feet of water at high tide. Here, then, we were imprisoned within the bay, for escape was impossible, unless we forsook the smack and ventured out in our boat: as this would have been almost certain death, we chose to remain until another gale should clear the channel, and leave us a passage out.

But no such favoring gale appeared, and we remained there for no less a period than seventy-two days! This would not have been so disagreeable, but for the fact that we were short of provisions. For forty-five days, we tasted nothing but fish and water, except a little bear's flesh, two of which animals we shot.

This unusual food brought on a severe sickness among us, and for some time endangered our lives; but, at last, our system, conformably to the wonderful arrangements of the human body, adapting itself to our food, we recovered our health.

While in our enfeebled state, we thought of abandoning the smack, and journeying along

shore until we could hail some passing vessel; but our weakness, the uncertainty of success, and the number of wild beasts, discouraged the idea, and we remained in our isolated condition, hoping for the best.

One day a tiger-cat came down upon the shore, and gazed very earnestly on our vessel. We resolved to kill the beast if possible. One of our men, who was an excellent marksman, took our only gun, and the rest of us armed ourselves with clubs. We cautioned our marksman to take sure aim, for to miss our prey was sure to be followed by serious effects to some of us. He promised not to fail, and we all jumped ashore.

The tiger-cat retired at first before so many foes, and hid behind a small bog. We followed him, and soon saw his fiery eyes glaring wildly upon us, as he prepared to make his terrible leap. Presently he sprang, perhaps fourteen feet from the ground. This was the decisive moment. Our marksman aimed his gun, and the contents lodged in the head of our foe as he descended to the ground!

After seventy-two days, a strong westerly gale cleared the channel, and to our infinite satisfaction enabled us to put to sea, where propitious winds enabled us to reach Charleston in safety.

The next day after our arrival, having hauled

the smack ashore, I went to a man who was building a new house to beg some shavings, for the purpose of burning out her well. He told me I might have them, and then, with great seriousness of manner, said, "Is it not time for you to think of something else?"

"What do you mean by that?" I replied.

"Why, have you not felt the earthquake?" he asked.

"What earthquake?" I eagerly responded.

He looked at me as if surprised at my ignorance, and then added; "Why! where have you been lately?"

"I came in from sea last night, and haven't heard a word about it?"

"Oh," said he, "we have been terribly frightened here. The earthquake so shook my house that it broke the crockery in the store," and then with terror in every feature, he exclaimed, "There it comes again!"

And it was so indeed. I heard the rumbling as of fearful thunder, and then felt the earth move three times, as if its surface was swayed to and fro like the waves at sea in a storm. This shock, however, did no further damage to the city. These shocks had caused great alarm throughout the city, which was increased by the pretended prophecy of one of those wild zealots, who are always ready to take advantage of unusual circumstances. He had pre-

dicted the total destruction of the city, and the ignorant were not a little terrified by his predictions.

The next day was the fourth of June; the day fixed on for the fulfilment of the prophecy. I was spending the evening at a public-house, and the conversation, as a matter of course, was directed toward the all-absorbing topics of the earthquake and the prophecy. So interested were we in these subjects, that we kept together until midnight. Just then, a parrot owned by the landlord began to screech most fearfully, and to fly about the cage in a frightful manner. The landlord took him from the cage and placed him on the counter. There the poor bird stood trembling as if conscious of some impending evil. Then came the terrifying rumbling of the earthquake, followed by a shock which made the house rock so violently that we were forced to hold on to keep from falling. But it did not fall, though the walls were cracked in several places! It was a serious moment, well fitted to teach men their utter insignificance when brought into the presence of the Omnipotent Jehovah. How terrible will be THAT day to the guilty, in which God will display the fury of his wrath in the *burning* of this great globe which we inhabit! If an earthquake makes the face pale, and causes the knee to tremble, what will be the effect of the inconceivable terrors of

that DAY OF DAYS? Reader, are *you* prepared to witness its scenes and to endure its display?

I now resolved to return to Connecticut, but the men who had been with me in the smack, belonged to Charleston, and would not go with me. Neither could I get any others, without paying twenty dollars per man. So I resolved to attempt the voyage alone!

"Why, it is absolute presumption," said a friend who heard me express my resolution.

"Perhaps it is," I replied, "but I will put three reefs in her mainsail, and bob her jib; the gulf-stream is in my favor, and I think I can manage to get her home."

With this bold purpose, I took a sick man from the Hospital, who wished to go to New York. After placing him in a berth, I went ashore to procure a few nourishing articles for his benefit. Here, I met a man who had formerly sailed with me, and who knew my want of help. Said he, "You must not go on this voyage alone; I will go with you."

He did so, and we sailed with a fresh breeze from the south-south-east. Toward evening it increased to a gale, and we had to run under a double-reefed mainsail. The next morning the wind died away, and then a breeze sprung up from the north-west, which gradually increased until it blew a perfect gale.

We now reefed her down to a balance, reefed

mainsail and bob-jib, and "hove-to." We caulked down the doors of the companion-way, secured the boats, and lashed her anchors across the "curb-way." The wind still increased, the sea rose very high, and the waves began to break over our poor little smack, making a perfect bridge over her deck. A sea boarded her, which split the mainsail and jib, and threw her on her beam-ends. But, as everything was secured in the hold, she soon righted again. With great difficulty we secured the sails, and then let her have her own way, the sea breaking over her in all directions. We had indeed very little hope of escaping with our lives. At night I lashed myself to the "taffrail" on the quarter-deck, to avoid being washed overboard, and to keep a look-out. Beyond all our expectations the smack weathered the gale, and the next day the wind lulled: in eight days after we left Charleston, we lay in the harbor of New York. This feat was, to say the least, a very bold one.

Having reached Mystic in safety, I continued in the business of smack-fishing for some time, without passing through any peculiar circumstances.

At last the war of 1812 broke out with England. Commodore Hardy blockaded New London with his fleet, and this made fishing an unsafe business. I then entered the smack Ranger, and engaged in freighting from Mystic

to New York. As we left the river, on one of these trips, we were hailed by the sloops which had started for New York before us, but had put back again. They told us that Commodore Hardy had sent a sloop-of-war in pursuit of them, which had fired into them and driven them back.

This rather discouraged us from proceeding. We held a consultation, and Captain Burrows, finding that we had a fair wind and could hug the shore so as to be too far in for a vessel-of-war to do us much damage, resolved to risk a capture, and trust to good seamanship for our escape.

When we reached the mouth of the river, we discovered the sloop outside of the reef, and she at once directed the attention of her bow-chaser towards us, but without effect. When we came abreast of her, she opened her broadside upon us, but her shot fell short of our smack. We hugged the shore and crowded all possible sail. She was now hove in stays, in order to pursue us. This enabled us to get considerably ahead. But when we began to rejoice at our probable escape, we were all at once surprised by seeing a lugger, a tender of the sloop, shoot out from behind a point, and throw herself across our forefoot, with an obvious intention of boarding us under our lee. This was an unexpected enemy, and our little

smack was in imminent danger of being captured. However, we did not despair, and when our new foe was put into stays to bring her up, we shot ahead, and being a good sailer, soon got ahead. She followed us with her bow-chaser for some time, with no other result than to make a few splinters on our quarter; in due time we arrived at New York in safety.

We made our return voyage, loaded with flour, in the night, and finding it next to impossible to escape the British cruisers, we carried the smacks Rover and Ranger into Pawtucket river, where we stripped them of everything, and sunk them so that they might not be burned by the English.

My next enterprise, for I did not love to live idle, was to purchase a boat that had been a Green-island fishing-boat, which, by the aid of a carpenter, I rigged into a schooner. Then taking a young man with me, I started to the eastward to catch black-fish, but did not succeed. We then ran to Montaug Point and filled her with bass, with which we went to New York. Finding a good market here, I next went outside of Sandy Hook to the fishing grounds, where I experienced a mishap which nearly cost me my little schooner.

While I lay on the fishing bank, a smack, in crossing my stern, hailed me, and said there was something afloat under my boat's stern.

On examination it proved to be my rudder, which had unshipped. I immediately hauled in my lines, tripped my anchor, and hoisted the jib, so as to pay her off in order to catch the rudder. Finding she was in danger of running too far on one side, I told the young man who was with me to take the oar and lay her round; in trying to do this, he slipped and lost the oar. This accident threw us so far from the rudder that, as the wind blew fresh, we had to give it up. We then reefed her up, and trimmed the head-sheets flat, to prevent her from "broaching-to."

By this time, the wind was blowing very hard, and the weather had grown very thick and hazy. We contrived, after great labor, to reach the shore, but hearing the breakers, I then put her "about," and we stood over towards Romer, into which we entered after a hard struggle, for we found it hard work to tack and beat in without a rudder. We did succeed, however, and came-to under the stern of a schooner, commanded by Captain E. Packer.

During the night she shipped a great deal of water, and being an open boat, I had to bale her constantly to keep her from sinking. The next morning it continued to blow, and while I sat in the cabin of Mr. Packer's smack, I saw from the cabin window that my boat was sinking. Running upon deck, I begged them to get a boat out to help me save my things, for they

already began to float up from my sinking schooner. I then jumped overboard, the crew got out the boat, and I soon picked up all my things as they floated about, and handed them to the men in the boat. I then dived to the bottom and succeeded, after coming up a few times for breath, in getting out all her ballast. Relieved of this, she floated again, and Captain Packer taking her in tow, we soon got her into the Horse-shoe, which was then a sort of ship-yard, where I had her repaired.

Two days after this adventure I started out to fish again off Sandy Hook, but had scarcely come to an anchor, before I was taken so sick that I was compelled to put into harbor and go ashore. My sickness continued, and a physician was called. I grew worse until my case was dangerous; but God pitied me. I recovered and dismissed my doctor.

A day or two afterwards I suddenly lost the use of my right hand. It swelled, and was very painful. This was caused by a cold, and the doctor could give me no relief. Mrs. Johnson, my landlady, applied warm salt and ashes; this only shifted the seat of my pain; it flew to my neck, from thence to my head, and then finally settled in my hand again. For eight months I was entirely deprived of its use, and sometimes the other hand shared in the disease. At last, by the use of Seneca oil I obtained a cure, and prepared for sea again.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE looking round for a new ship, and for profitable employment, I found a Baltimore privateer, called the Rolla, at New London. She was in want of men, and as her cruise promised both excitement and profit, I shipped for a trip to the Western Islands.

She first put in at Holmes' Hole, to complete her complement of men. Here, the inhabitants gave us intelligence of an English privateer, which went by the name of the Liverpool packet, and which had committed great depredations along the coast, especially upon the farmers. They requested us to cruise in pursuit of her, and our captain, ever ready for action, and fearless as a lion, promised to do his best to find her.

For three days he sought for this foe up and down the American coast, but without success. Perhaps it was well we did fail, for as most of our crew were "green hands," and the sailors had not got their "sea legs" on, we had a great deal of sea-sickness on board; it is most likely that meeting with a privateer so well manned

as this Liverpool packet was, would have proved fatal to us in our circumstances.

Failing then to meet this vessel, Captain Duley shaped his course for Madeira. The next day about sunset we made a sail under our lee-bow; all hands were now piped to quarters, the guns were got ready for action, the boarding-pikes and cutlasses prepared, and we bore down on the supposed foe. Before we reached her, however, it grew quite dark. We fired into her, and she hove-to, hoisting her signal lanterns at the royal mast-head, but without making any further demonstrations. We continued near her, at our quarters, until midnight, when our captain became impatient, and talked of running her down, and boarding her under cover of the night.

From this rash step he was dissuaded by his officers, who represented to him that possibly she might be an eighteen-gun brig, belonging to the British; if so, she would have at least two hundred and fifty men, while we had but one hundred and eighty, and only mounted one large swivel gun, and four carronades. It was evident she was not alarmed at us, and that, they reasoned, was proof that she possessed considerable force. Besides this, it was urged that she might be an American privateer, and if so, we should only injure our own countrymen. This reasoning cooled the ardor

of our impatient captain, and he consented to wait until the daylight should reveal the real character of our neighbor.

When the next morning broke, we found her to be an American brig, carrying letters of marque; so after exchanging greetings, we filled our canvass and bore away towards our destination.

Having arrived at Madeira, we captured two merchant ships, one of which we scuttled, and the other we sent to the United States with a prize-master named Raymond; she was named the Mary. We boarded her in the night and made her our prize without much resistance.

After these little successes, we encountered a gale which was so severe that we narrowly escaped a grave in the mighty deep. We were compelled to lay-to under a balanced mainsail and close-reefed foresail; the sea soon became exceedingly rough and heavy; I was stationed at the helm with orders to tell the lieutenant how she "came-to," or "fell-off." After watching her for some time, I perceived that she began to fall off badly into the trough of the sea; I then told the lieutenant that if a heavy sea should board her, as she fell off, the "sweeps" which lay in the cranes above the bulwarks would probably bear every man on deck overboard. "That's true," he replied,

"but I hope not; if I thought so, I would throw them overboard."

"Sir," said I, "you can lash them flat on deck to the ring-bolts."

Before he had time to reply she "fell off" again, and I perceived on looking to windward, that a tremendous sea was approaching. I shouted aloud, "We are going to be boarded by a sea!" Upon this every man rushed to a place of security; the lieutenant sought safety in the main rigging, while I seized the tiller-rope. On, *on* came the wave; fearfully it broke upon the deck. Our good brig trembled, bowed under the mighty load, panted, as if to recover herself, and then rose in all the pride of victory from the unequal conflict. But she did not come forth uninjured; the bulwarks were washed away from her quarter, and also the stanchion to which the tiller was lashed. I was carried through the lee quarter gun-port, but by grasping the tiller-rope with all the energy of a drowning man, I succeeded in reaching the deck again when she righted. One of our prize masters was borne by this terrific sea into the head of the mainsail and escaped!

After I got aboard again the order was given to put the helm "hard up," but on attempting to obey it, I found myself to be so badly bruised in the side and hip, that I had not strength enough remaining to obey the order; indeed, I

was soon unable to stand, and was carried below and placed in care of the doctor.

The gale still increased in fury, and our ship was put before the wind, to scud under bare poles all night. About daylight she ran under a mighty wave which threatened to sink her by its fearful weight; when this sea had left her deck, the captain ordered up all hands, rounded her to, and threw her lee-waist guns overboard, and put the others into her hold.

I was still lame, but managed to crawl upon deck. There I observed the second lieutenant preparing to set the foresail; I told him if he did, it was more than likely that if we shipped another heavy sea, it would fill the foresail, and we should never "right" her again. He then consulted the captain, who asked what was best to be done. I suggested that a "drug" ahead might keep her, as I had seen it do in other vessels, which would not "lay-to" under canvass. A drug consists of spare spars, lashed to a cable, and fastened on the "weather luff." This, however, he declined doing, hoping that the gale would soon abate. She was now thrown on her beam ends, and so continued until the next morning; when, happily for us, the gale abated. Shortly after this, we made the coast of Madeira on our lee.

No sooner had the wind lulled than Captain Duley ordered out all the sail she could carry,

and then went aloft himself to look-out. There he perceived that we had a reef with heavy breakers on our lee and ahead. This was a critical situation, but by great skill and prodigious efforts, we succeeded in clearing the dreadful point of danger. How many wonderful escapes are experienced by a sailor in the course of his life! Strange that his heart is not moved to gratitude, by the sight of the wonders of the Lord in the mighty deep!

We had scarcely avoided this last danger before we discovered a schooner and a lugger. We captured them, but found our prizes of little worth, so we burnt the latter, and putting her crew on board of the former, let them go.

We soon after took a ship which had slipped out of Madeira during the gale. Through her crew, we heard that another ship, the Rinova, a letter of marque, mounting eighteen guns, had slipped out of port in the same gale, and the captain of the captured ship advised us to keep clear of her, if we did not wish to fall into her hands as prisoners. To this advice our bold and venturesome commander replied, "I will try my bull-dogs first," meaning his boarders.

We then cruised about for the Rinova, and during our search captured several merchant vessels. The men who were sent aboard these prizes lessened our crew considerably, but still our captain determined to try his skill on the

Rinova, if he could find her. His wish was soon gratified. The man at the mast-head announced a sail in sight on the weather-bow. We hauled up, and soon began to overhaul her rapidly. While our captain was busily watching to ascertain her quality and character, the master of the captured ship begged permission to examine her through the spy-glass: he pronounced her to be the Rinova, and again advised Captain Duley by all means to avoid her. "I will try my bull-dogs first," was his laconic answer.

Every man was now ordered to his station. I was put on the larboard weather-bow, among the boarders. Everything was made ready for the work of destruction, and we rapidly and gallantly overhauled the foe.

When we were within gunshot, we hoisted the stars and stripes, and gave her a shot as a signal for her to heave-to. She, in reply, hoisted her flag, and sent us a shot as an intimation that she meant to engage us.

We now plied her with our "Big Tom:" as we could reach her with this gun, and her metal still fell short of us, we did her considerable damage before receiving a single shot from her guns. Captain Duley himself pointed and fired "Big Tom," loaded with tremendous charges. Meanwhile, we kept approaching our enemy with a purpose of running alongside and board-

ing her at once. Presently we came within reach of her shot, and one of them passing over the forecastle, knocked me and two others of the boarding-party down by its wind. When I came to, I felt very weak for a few moments, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

When we came alongside of the Rinova, her broadside of nine guns was brought to bear upon us with considerable effect. The reader will remember that in the late gale we had lost our waist guns, and had therefore to depend solely on "Big Tom." This was a powerful gun, and under the personal direction of the captain, did terrible execution. So hot had this gun become, and so heavy were its charges, that it tore everything before it, and even wrecked four feet of our own bulwarks. As we neared the enemy, and were waiting for a chance to use our muskets, the first lieutenant came and stood near me. I asked him if it would not be better for us to get under the stern of the Rinova, so as to give her a raking fire, and avoid exposure to her broadside; he replied in the affirmative, and made the suggestion to the captain. But that reckless and brave officer answered "No! We will give her all the chance she wants!"

At last we were within musket-shot. The captain gave the word to fire. After discharging five or six rounds, they kept away and

lowered their colors. We could hardly believe our eyes, and supposed that her flag must have been shot away, while the silence of her guns was to us an indication that she meant to board us. However, we ceased to fire, until our captain hailed her and inquired if she had struck. Her commander answered affirmatively, and we sent a boat aboard and took possession.

When the mate with part of the crew came on board as prisoners, he looked round to see what we had done with our guns. But as "Big Tom" had been covered with a tarpaulin he could see none, and he inquired with great surprise, "Boys, what have you been fighting us with?"

One of the men lifted the tarpaulin and revealing the muzzle of the gun, said, "This is the fellow that talked to you."

"Well," said the mate, "it's the fortune of war to be taken sometimes, but it's hard for a ship of eighteen guns to be captured by a one-gun-privateer."

This was indeed a bold adventure, and it may appear incredible to the reader: it shows, however, what may sometimes be accomplished by boldness combined with skill; our offensive attitude, the resolute manner of our approach, the well managed "Big Tom," and our show of strength, probably deceived the captain of the

Rinova, and he may have expected that we intended to engage him muzzle to muzzle with big guns. Still, we ran a great risk, for we might have been so riddled and wrecked by nine guns, as to have fallen an easy prey into the hands of the enemy.

After all the captured crew were removed, Captain Duley sent me aboard of the prize to see if she contained any stores. The prize-master supplied what was needed, and while he was getting them into the boat, one of the men said, "Isaacs, why don't you go below and help yourself? Your shipmates are in the steerage helping themselves."

To this solicitation I replied, "I have made my mind up, that if I cannot get money by privateering without robbing poor sailors of their clothes, I will have nothing to do with it." There was a meanness in that spirit, which could lead one sailor to take advantage of another so as to rob him of his clothing, that was utterly contemptible, and I could not bring myself to participate in it in any degree.

The Rinova was immediately furnished with a prize-master and crew, and sent to the United States, while we continued on our cruise.

Shortly after this, while cruising about, it came on to blow very heavy. After shortening sail, the order was given to get in the flying jib-boom; as I was helmsman and forecastle-man,

it was my duty to be on the forecastle, when it was not my "*trick*" at the helm. When this order was given, I was doing duty on the forecastle, and aided in "*rigging*" in the jib-boom. While standing on a tanglet bowline, the brig fell with a heavy sea, and ran her jib-boom under water. I was suddenly washed overboard; once more the great deep threatened to engulph me, but, by the intervention of that merciful God who had delivered me from a thousand deaths, I was saved by grasping the "down-haul" of the jib, which had fallen overboard. By this means I hauled myself aboard again, and was saved. When I reflect on these remarkable deliverances, my soul heartily enters into the grateful sentiments of the poet, who says:

> When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love and praise.

As usual, the gale was succeeded by pleasant weather, and we pursued our business of cruising about in search of more prey.

Late one afternoon we discovered three sails ahead. We pursued them, and soon overhauled the two sternmost; but they proved to be nothing but droggers. The other appeared to be a brig, and to her we next gave chase.

The wind dying away, we used sweeps un-

til it grew dark. The wind then breezed up, and we presently came within gun-shot of the brig. She hove-to and hoisted a lantern at her royal-mast-head. From this moment we judged her to be a man-of-war brig, belonging to a British squadron.

Nothing daunted, Captain Duley, with his usual boldness and resolution, kept everything ready for action, and bore down upon her rapidly. As we approached her, he came to me and said, as he placed one hand on my shoulder, "Well, my little bull-dog, what do you think of this fellow?"

"I think she will prove to be a Scotch prize," I replied: by a Scotch prize, I meant, of course, no prize at all.

"Well," responded he, "we'll try her with a few shot and then we'll board her."

This was almost madness, for if she were, as we all supposed, a man-of-war-brig, she would have between two and three hundred men aboard, while our force was reduced, through sending away so many prize crews, to only sixty men. But, as says the old adage, "Fortune favors the brave," and we were destined to be successful.

As the brig made no warlike demonstration at our approach, we came within hailing distance. She gave her name as the Rosanna of Dublin, a fourteen gun letter of marque. She

asked in return, if we were His Majesty's schooner Shark. Captain Duley replied in the affirmative, and ordered him to "*heave*" out his boat and come aboard. He said his boat was gone ashore with passengers. Upon this our captain sent his boat aboard of the brig, and her captain jumped into it, and came, as he vainly supposed, to visit the captain of the Shark. As he stepped over the gangway, Captain Duley offered him his hand and said, "You are welcome on board of the Rolla, sir."

With the greatest astonishment both in words and gestures, he exclaimed, "The Rolla! What Rolla, sir?"

"The Rolla of Baltimore," replied Captain Duley.

"If I had known this, sir, I would at least have given you a chase for me," he remarked bitterly.

"It's too late now, sir," said Captain D. drily, and then he proceeded to send a prize-crew on board to take possession, which was done without further trouble.

Captain Duley resolved to send this important prize to the United States, and for this purpose he appointed Mr. Raymond prize-master, and myself mate. This Mr. Raymond had been put aboard one of our early prizes in a similar situation, but having been found shortly after-

wards sailing toward Madeira, Captain Duley had taken away his command. He was now restored, and having received a quadrant from my captain and an order to notice Raymond's conduct, I went aboard as his mate, bound for my American home.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE is nothing very desirable in such a voyage as I was now engaged in. To cross the Atlantic and make a port on a coast infested with the fleet of a warlike nation, is a project involving great risk; especially is it so with the limited number of men allotted to a prize, under our circumstances. Still we resolved to do the best we could, and make our port if possible.

I say *we* resolved to accomplish this purpose, though I ought to except Mr. Raymond. He was thoroughly British in his feelings, and no doubt accepted the command with a secret purpose to run his charge into the hands of the enemy if he should find an opportunity.

We shaped our course toward the United States, and favored with fair winds and pleasant weather, soon approached the American coast.

The first open indication of treachery on the part of Mr. Raymond, was his neglect to call me up when he was taking his observations of the sun. Then he seemed determined to run close in to the shore, while yet a long way to the south. I told him that the English cruisers were probably off the capes of Delaware, and

that we ran great risks by keeping so far to the south. He knew this, but pretended that I had kept an erroneous reckoning, and we were further to the north than I imagined. There was a difference in our reckoning of seventy miles, but, as I had kept both the course and distance, I was positive that my reckoning was most correct.

At last his purpose became more and more apparent, for one morning when we made a sail, instead of keeping out of her way, as he easily could have done, we being to windward of the stranger, he bore down towards her. I expostulated, and asked him what he meant by this unusual and extraordinary conduct. He replied that he wished to speak her. I told him it was war time, and he ought not to run such risks, for she might be a man-of-war.

To this he replied with considerable tartness, "I believe her to be an American vessel recently out of port, and I wish to ascertain her latitude."

I replied with equal warmth, "Sir, if you cannot depend on your own reckoning, you ought not to have consented to carry this vessel into port."

"Do you want to take this ship away from me?" he retorted, with considerable vehemence.

"No, sir," said I, "but I am afraid that you intend to sell her to the British, instead of carrying her into port, as you are in honor bound to do."

During this conversation we had rapidly approached the strange ship, and he now turned from me to ascertain her character. As he anticipated, she proved to be an American; he hailed her, and found that my reckoning was the most correct. After we parted company with the American, I said to him, "What do you think of the reckoning now?"

He made no very direct reply, and then I added, "Had we not better stand back, and get more to the northward, for we are now almost in the mouth of the enemy?"

"No," said he, "we will keep on till morning."

I replied, "Sir, you mean to sell us to the enemy," but he made no answer, and we kept on the same tack all night. The next morning I expostulated with him again, and at last he consented to alter our course; so we hauled up to the N. N. West.

After sailing on this course two hours, the man at the mast-head cried out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" replied the captain.

"Under our lee," answered the look-out.

"Put your helm hard up!" said the captain to the man at the helm, with an evident intention to put himself in the way of the stranger again.

"Mr. Raymond, why do you run this risk?" said I to him with much earnestness. "She may be an English cruiser."

"She 's no Englishman, but either an American or French cruiser," he retorted hastily.

"Sail ho!" again shouted the man at the mast-head.

"Do haul up to the northward," said I, "we are close to a British squadron."

"There is no fear," was his laconic reply, and we kept on until the vessels were so distinctly seen, that I could tell, from the color of their canvass, that they were English cruisers. Mentioning this to him, I said, "Let us try to get away."

He gave me no reply to this remark, and one of our foremast hands perceiving his obvious intention said, "Isaacs, do order her to be kept away, or he will lose the brig, and we shall all be made prisoners."

"No," I replied, "he has her in charge, and if he will sell us, we must bear it."

"If you will try to prevent our being taken, I will give you half of my prize-money," added the man.

"No, my good fellow, I can do no more; I have done all I could to persuade him to keep away."

This was a hard case for us to be thus coolly forced into the hands of our enemies, by the baseness of our prize-master; yet as there was no remedy but the dangerous one of mutiny, we had to submit, and to suffer ourselves to be

borne under the very guns of the foe, without a chance of striking a blow for our freedom.

When there was no longer any doubt of the character of the approaching vessels, I said to Mr. Raymond, "See, sir, what we are coming to through you!"

This excited him, and being close to the enemy, he thought he might safely show his resentment; he sprang towards me, and attempted to seize me, but I contrived to elude his grasp, and throwing off my jacket, stood on the defensive. But he appeared to suddenly alter his mind, for he made no farther hostile display.

The English frigate Maidstone was now close upon us; looking aloft, I perceived that we had no colors flying, and I said, "Mr. Raymond, we have no colors set, and are liable to have a broadside poured into us."

"Yes, you had better hoist them," he replied.

While in the act of hoisting our colors, with the union down, to show that she was a prize, the marines of the Maidstone discharged a volley of musketry upon us. To prevent loss of life, I immediately struck them; the frigate then hailed us, and ordered us to "heave to."

As we had no alternative but to obey, we did so, and were immediately boarded by an officer, and a boat's crew. As I stood near the gangway, the officer addressed me, and said, "Why

did you lie here and suffer yourself to be taken?"

"Ask that man!" said I indignantly, pointing to the traitor Raymond, "he is the man who had her in charge."

They then took me and some of the crew aboard of the frigate, and while we stood upon her deck an officer came to me and said, "Who had the charge of your brig?"

"The prize-master, who is yet on board of her," I replied.

Upon this, one of my shipmates added, pointing to me, "That is his mate."

"Where are your things!" inquired the officer.

"Here, sir, in this bag," was my reply, as I showed him my clothes-bag.

He then examined my bag, and taking out a quadrant, a copy of the American coast pilot, and my journal, he carried them aft to the captain. I was then ordered to follow him into the cabin; there the captain addressed me and said, "Well, my lad, how do you like this ship?"

"Not so well as the brig," I replied.

"Why then did you let us take her so easy?"

"You would not have done it, sir, if I had been in full charge of her."

"How would you have helped it, my frigate is a swift sailer?"

"So is the brig, sir, she was built for a French

privateer, and was formerly worked on screws, and you were so far to leeward, that we could very easily have escaped you."

He then eyed me very minutely for a few moments, and having finished his survey, said, "You are not an American."

"I feel myself to be one," I replied.

"That will not do; I might feel so, too, but that would not make me so."

"But, sir, I am an American *citizen*."

"No," said he, "you are an Englishman, and I think I have you on my list for a runaway; but if you will sign the articles and go on duty, it shall be all right with you."

"Sir," I replied, "I can't do that."

"Well, then, I shall take you to England to be tried for desertion."

"You have me in your power, sir, and can act your pleasure," I replied, though I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected and totally false charge.

They then conducted me forward. The next morning all my shipmates were called aft to the quarter-deck, in order to have it ascertained if any of us were runaways from the British service. When my name was called, and I had replied, the captain said, "That is not your name, I have your true name on my list of runaways."

"My name is Isaacs, sir, and I have never gone by any other."

"We will see to that," he replied, and then ordered us forward again. This apparent determination to claim me as a runaway, was a great trial to me, for I could not tell but that some vile fellow might be induced to perjure himself, and I fall a victim to his falsehood, and die on the yard-arm of an English man-of-war.

The evening after leaving the brig, we encountered a violent gale in which the brig went down, and all the poor fellows who were put on board as a prize-crew perished. Whether we should have met with a similar catastrophe or not, it is impossible to say; probably we should, for the gale was very severe. Our capture, therefore, was our salvation; and I can but set it down as another proof of that Divine care, which has been so wonderfully exercised in my behalf from my earliest years.

The Maidstone was not saved from the violence of this gale without difficulty; she labored very hard, and her spar deck was submerged during the greater part of the night. All hands were kept employed in putting extra shrouds on the fore, main, and mizen masts, to prevent their being carried away; the "top hampers" were got down on deck to ease her, and it was only by using every possible precaution, that she was kept from being wrecked by the wild fury of the storm. But as its continuance was short, she weathered it; the next

day at evening the wind had lulled, and everything was once more safe and pleasant.

But although the skies were clear and the bright sun shone cheerfully upon the dancing waters, yet my feelings were much saddened and alarmed in view of my critical situation. I had braved death from the fiercest anger of the elements, without a quivering nerve, or a sighing heart; I had rushed into the bloody jaws of battle without a particle of dread, but *now* my spirit trembled. The possibility of dying an ignominious death, of perishing like a murderer on the gallows, and that for no crime whatever, was before me. How easy it was for the captain to obtain some dastardly wretch for money's sake, to swear to my identity with the name on his runaway list, I very well knew: it would be difficult to rebut such an oath on the deck of a man of-war; I had no hope, but in the idea that the captain would not dare to carry matters so far. But this was uncertain; the probabilities were against me. I was disheartened.

As prisoners we had a mess by ourselves. One day we were sitting on our baggage nearly "amidships." Some of the crew were playing cards on a mess-table. One of them happened to turn toward me, and to observe my desponding looks. He had a generous heart, and wishing to cheer me a little, he said, "Come,

shipmate, come and sit with us, and take a hand at cards."

"I'd rather not," I replied laconically.

To this he answered in the most sympathetic tone he could command; "Don't be cast down, shipmate, it's the fortune of war to be captured sometimes!"

This kind-hearted fellow did not know the real occasion of my sadness. Appreciating his generosity, I concealed my emotions, and replied with an assumed carelessness of manner: "Oh, I can bear to be a prisoner!"

I then took a seat at their table. John Murphy, one of my fellow-prisoners, was among them, and we soon fell into conversation about seamanship and war. The Englishmen began to boast of the valor of their navy, and to tell about the great things which had been performed by their ships. The first opportunity which their volubility permitted for me to force in a reply, I answered, "To be sure, friends, you have a great navy, and active and courageous men, but you must admit that when the Americans have met you with equal force, they have been a full match for you."

"Oh," said Murphy, breaking in upon my remarks, "what's the use of our trying to put ourselves on a par with the British?"

Looking at this time-serving seaman I indignantly replied, "Murphy, I'm ashamed to see

you turn your jacket because you're a prisoner, and if these men will be candid, they will acknowledge that they would think more of you, or any other man, if you stand up for your country than they will if you run it down!"

This retort threw Murphy into a violent passion. He uttered some strong threats and then challenged me to fight. To all this I coolly replied, "We are prisoners, and if we fight we shall soon be separated and put in confinement; but if we ever meet on American soil, you shall have all the chance to fight which you may desire."

This was said in the true spirit of unregenerated human nature. How different is that stern, revengeful temper, from that sweet disposition created by the Holy Ghost, which enables him who is smitten on the one cheek, to meekly offer the remaining one to the smiter. But I had not yet felt that changing hand, and I only acted in agreement with the true spirit of depraved mankind.

The English sailors evidently sympathized with me, rather than with the blustering Murphy, and a few plaudits from them cooled him down effectually, and he said no more about fighting.

My fears of being tried and punished as a runaway, continued to agitate me more or less, according as circumstances appeared favorable

or unfavorable. One remark communicated to me by one of the crew, added very much to my alarm. He approached me one day very cautiously, and said, "Shipmate, I heard an officer say to-day that you are an Englishman, and that you have an uncle residing in London."

"Yes," I replied, "I have an uncle who keeps a public house in Wapping; but that does not make me an Englishman."

Upon this he went away, and left me to my own reflections. His remark only made me the more uncomfortable, for it appeared that my shipmates were against me, since it must have been one of them who told the officer about my having an uncle in London. This was hard indeed, to have those who ought to have been my friends turn against me: it made me despair of escape.

After cruising for some time subsequently to our capture, the Maidstone fell in with the Belvidere, another British frigate, belonging to the squadron which was cruising about in search of the United States frigate Essex. We, the prisoners, were all transferred to the Belvidere.

We had not been long on board of this vessel before a sail was discovered. The signals were thrown out, but were not properly responded to by the coming ship. She was therefore taken to be the Essex; the hands were

immediately piped to quarters; the prisoners ordered below, and the ship put into the order of battle.

Everything being ready for action, one of the crew came to me, and said tauntingly, "Shipmate, you'll soon have some of your countrymen aboard!"

"It may be so, but you have not got them yet," I replied.

"No," said he, "but we soon shall have, for the Essex has nothing but carronades, and we can lie off and cut her all to pieces, before her metal can reach us at all."

"That," I replied, "depends upon whether she will let you or not."

"Ay," interrupted another Englishman, who had overheard this little debate, "if we take the Essex to-day, we shall have to keep our hands out of our pockets."

But all this preparation led to no results, so far as the Essex was concerned, for the sail turned out to be a vessel belonging to their own squadron. Her signals were wrong, through a mistake in the day of the month, which had led her to hoist such as induced the Belvidere to take her for a foe.

A few days after this affair, we fell in with an American licensed brig bound to Philadelphia. Whether the captain of the Maidstone had changed his opinion of me, or whether he

had forgotten to inform the captain of the Belvidere of his suspicions concerning my English birth, I could not tell. Neither was it of much consequence; for we were now all put aboard of this American brig, on parole, and sent to Philadelphia, where we arrived shortly after, to our no small delight and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XII.

Before we left the vessel which brought us to Philadelphia, the affair with my shipmate Murphy came to my mind, and I went to him and demanded satisfaction for his threats offered to me on board the Maidstone. He said it was not worth while to say anything more about it, but I insisted, and we went on to the forecastle, and after a while settled it between us in a friendly manner. This was a small affair to be sure, and yet, by its very insignificance, it teaches the folly of human nature, for what are the usual causes of difficulty and separation among men? Are they not almost always of similar insignificance? A word, a look, is construed into an insult: feeling and passion become excited, harsh words are exchanged, and then either blood must be spilt, bruises inflicted, or malicious legal proceedings instituted! What madness! What folly! Pity the world would not learn a lesson of him, who says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. That ye may be the children of your Father which is

in heaven." But this is the last lesson the world will learn.

After spending a night at Philadelphia, we all started for Baltimore. On our route, we stopped at a tavern, and our appearance exciting curiosity among the people, they questioned us as to who we were, whence we had come, and whither we were going. We told them, we had been taken from one of the Rolla's prizes, and being on parole, were going to Baltimore. We then learned that the Rolla had arrived at Baltimore; and one gentleman, who was present, told us to remain where we were over night, and he would pay our bills; and if we would walk as far as Elk river, he would pay our stage fare from thence to Baltimore. This was too good an offer to be despised by a lot of penniless sailors, so we very gratefully accepted it, and put up for the night.

The next morning he very generously paid our bills, gave us a breakfast, and according to the anti-temperance custom of that period, treated us all round with spirits. As he had a wagon, he offered to carry one of our number on the only spare seat. After yielding this seat to one of our number, who was not very well, we started ahead, he promising to overtake us after he had fed his horses.

We went forward in high spirits. But our benefactor did not overtake us, and on our arri-

val at Elk river, we concluded some misadventure must have happened to him. So we returned, and met him coming down the hill in pursuit of our party. His wagon had broken down, and he wished us to go back and aid him in mending the wreck.

Accordingly we hastened to his assistance, and found that the tongue which holds the fore and hind axletrees together was broken, and consequently the hind wheels had worked from under the wagon. When we undertook to raise the wagon, it was so heavy we could not lift it; so I said to him, "Had we not better lighten the wagon a little by taking out some of the things?

"No, it wont do to take anything out," he replied.

Seeing that the wagon was boxed over, and that he was so tenacious of having it touched, I said, "You have got a show here, have you?"

"Yes, it is a show!" was his answer; but he afterwards told me it contained *specie*, which he was conveying overland from Rhode Island to Baltimore, it being dangerous to attempt its conveyance by sea, on account of the vigilance of the English cruisers. This fact explained the secret of his generosity to our party; he was anxious to secure our friendship and our company as a protection to his valuable cargo.

By the aid of poles, we succeeded at last in lifting up the wagon, and having repaired the

broken tongue, started again for Elk river, where we spent the night; and the gentleman, true to his promise, paid the fare of my shipmates in the stage to Baltimore. As he requested me to travel with him, I consented, and we pursued our journey together.

The third day we came to a pond in the road, which had frozen over. The weight of the load broke the ice, and the horses, for want of proper foothold, could not draw out the wagon. In this extremity he sent me back to a farm-house for assistance. The farmer took a yoke of oxen and some working-men, and in a short time relieved us of our difficulties and set us on the road again.

We had not proceeded far from the scene of this accident, before we were overtaken by a man on horseback. He drove up to us and inquired, "Have you anything in your wagon which you want to trade-off?"

"No, sir," replied my companion.

The horseman then rode for some distance and halted until we came up to him. Addressing the gentleman he said, "I am a trader, and wish to know if you have anything to trade away."

"I told you before, I had not," he replied sternly.

Again he pushed ahead, and when he was

out of hearing, I remarked, "I dont like that man's actions."

"He does act strangely," said my companion.

"Where are your pistols, sir?"

"In the wagon."

"Had you not better get them out?"

"They are boxed up, and I cant get them."

We now perceived the horseman in the act of making another halt. I immediately jumped from the wagon, took out my knife and cut two sticks or clubs from a brush-fence, and giving one to the gentleman, took my seat on the wagon again. Observing this movement, the man on horseback rode on out of sight. "I have seen that man before," said I, after a few minutes' recollection.

"So have I," replied the gentleman, "but I do not remember where."

After some talk about him, it struck us that he was one of the men who aided us out of the ice with the oxen, and there is no doubt but he entertained the idea of robbing us; but his courage failed him, when he came to the moment of action. We afterwards saw him at the next tavern, seated by the fire, and as soon as he saw us enter, he jumped up, went out, mounted his horse, and we saw him no more.

After arriving at Baltimore I found my shipmates, and we all went down to the wharf where our old ship the Rolla was moored.

While we stood talking together on the dock, Captain Duley came up and said to me, "Well, Isaacs, you have got home?"

"Yes, sir, after losing the brig."

"Never mind, my boy, we'll soon have more. We're almost ready for another cruise. You'd better get your things and come aboard."

"No, sir, I can't do that, I'm on parole."

"Never mind that; I'll see that you are exchanged."

"You can't now, sir, for Mr. Raymond, your prize-master, lost all our paroles."

"Well, never mind that either. Come ahead; you need not fear being taken, and I'll put you on a good share."

"I can't do it, sir," I replied.

Thus ended our interview: it did not comport with my views of honor to go directly into active service while under parole. So after arranging all my affairs, I left Baltimore, and returned once more to my favorite home at Mystic, Connecticut, and pursued the more peaceable avocation of smack-fishing.

The war still continued, and Commodore Hardy was still blockading New London. About this time, the people of Mystic were thrown into considerable excitement by the capture of a sloop named the Fox, as she returned from the south with a cargo of corn, commanded by Captain Crary. The English fitted her out after

her capture, as a sloop-of-war, and kept her cruising in the Sound with considerable success.

This was the fact which excited the people of Mystic. They could not endure the idea of having one of their own sloops employed against themselves and their countrymen; it was bad enough, they thought, to be damaged by foreign vessels; it was too much to have their own ships engaged in the same business.

After a great deal of talk, it was at last seriously resolved to attempt the re-capture of the Fox. A small sloop named the Hero was fitted out. Captain Ambrose Burrows was appointed fighting-captain, and Paul Burrows, his brother, was made sailing-master.

Matters had progressed so far, when one of them came and said to me, "Well, Isaacs, don't you intend to join this expedition?"

"No, I think I must refuse."

"Why do you do that?"

"I am on parole, and it would not be honorable for me to violate my parole."

Upon this, an old shipmate of mine in the Rolla said to me, "Isaacs, I am going, and you know we agreed on board of the Rolla never to see each other taken alive, and if you will go now, you shall not be taken alive until I am killed."

"Nor while I live shall he be taken," said several others.

These entreaties won me over to the expedition; I excused myself from my parole, because the affair now in hand concerned my home, and my immediate friends. Whether it was fitting for me to do so, the reader must decide for himself; right or wrong, I gave my name, and prepared for the adventure.

The next morning Captain Burrows came to me and said, "Isaacs, I see that you have put your name to the articles."

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Well, I merely wish to say, that while we really want you in this business, yet if you have any scruples, I shall think none the less of you if you decline under your peculiar circumstances; and I will take your name off the list, for I can't bear the thought of seeing you separated from the rest of us if we should fail, and be captured."

"I shall never be taken alive, Captain Burrows, and my name must remain on those articles." This decided response closed the interview.

Our preparations were now all completed; thirty men, determined to conquer or die, stood ready for action on the deck of our little sloop the Hero. It is true, many of them were boys, and some had never been to sea; still their arms were strong, and their hearts were bold; they were in a good cause, and confident of victory.

Many were the prayers that went to heaven for our success, from the hearts of mothers, wives, and sisters, as our little sloop gallantly and gaily glided down the river in pursuit of the foe.

We stood for Block Island, and when we were between that island and Montaug point, a sail was discerned standing towards us. After some of the crew had been aloft to ascertain who or what she was, without being able to decide on her character, Captain Burrows requested me to go up and look; I knew her at once to be the Fox, and so reported on my return below.

Never had I been the possessor of such feelings as filled my bosom on making this discovery. The case was very clear, that if I was captured, my death for violating my parole was certain. After musing a while, I said to myself, it must be death or victory. Upon reaching this conclusion, my terror left me, and I calmly prepared for action.

Approaching Captain Burrows, I said to him, "Sir, I want you to let me be one of your boarders, as that was my station in my old ship."

"No, Isaacs, I want you to trim the sails when we lay her alongside the enemy."

Hearing this, Paul Burrows, the captain's brother, said to him, "You had better let him board, and I will trim the sails."

"Well, be it so," rejoined the captain.

I now went on to the forecastle; there stood Mr. Avery Brown with the grappling-irons in his hands, ready to throw them aboard of the Fox when the proper moment arrived. Seeing that he had a very small cutlass, while mine was very large, I proposed an exchange; he consented, and I felt more confidence in my weapon.

Most of our hands kept below, in order to deceive the Fox. She easily fell into the trap, and mistaking us for a common merchant-vessel with an ordinary crew, bore down upon us until she came nearly within hailing distance.

At this juncture, a Captain Woodward, an uncle of Captain Burrows, suggested to the latter officer that he had better give the men a ration of spirits. "No," said the gallant captain, "if my men won't fight sober, they shan't fight drunk!"

We were now within hail. The hands were beat to their quarters to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Captain Burrows hailed the Fox, but discovering our real character, and being ahead and on our weather-bow, she kept hard away in order to get a position to give us a raking fire. To prevent this Captain B. ordered the helm "hard up!"

But the Fox did not fire; she sprung her luff, and this brought us into her wake. We immediately came up with her, and running our

bowsprit through the clew of her mainsail, the resolute and stalwart Avery Brown threw his grappling-irons aboard of her. They held her, she swung round, and the two sloops were fastened inseparably to each other.

We instantly gave them a volley of musket-balls, and a discharge from our big gun. Then Captain Burrows passed the word for the boarders; we sprang to the bowsprit, and passed along to the deck of the enemy. They were ready armed to repel us; the moment I sprang on board, I received a heavy blow on my cutlass; recovering myself, I pursued the foe as he retreated to the lee side of the companion-way. There the boom, which was swinging about owing to the accidental loosening of the main-sheets, struck him in the back. I made a pass at him, but the poor fellow dropped upon his knees, threw down his cutlass, and held up both his hands in token of submission. I led him to the companion-way, and ordered him to go below; he obeyed, and we stationed two men there who guarded every man who submitted, and went below. As our force was superior, the Fox very soon surrendered, and being disabled, we took her in tow, and carried her into Mystic in triumph.

Our men had behaved themselves with superior courage, not excepting the youngest and most inexperienced of them. I believe we had

not lost a single life, though from the blood which we found in the lee scuppers of the Fox, and from finding seven more bunks than men, we judged that she must have lost several. They were probably thrown overboard as soon as killed, in order to conceal their loss.

Thus was successfully terminated an enterprise which is probably well remembered by many of the present inhabitants of Mystic, and which reflects great credit upon their character for bravery and energy.

For several years after this voyage in the privateer I remained in Mystic, making my home as usual when on shore with my esteemed old friend Captain Packer.

On my return from a brief fishing excursion one day, I found him very sick. He had already lost the power to speak, and three days afterwards, to my great grief, he died.

After his death I applied to his executors for the payment of certain moneys which I had loaned him from time to time, but for which I had taken no notes or other obligations, though he had often spoken of giving me such an obligation, but as I had full confidence in his honor and honesty, I had never been very urgent about the matter, and no papers had passed between us.

When, therefore, the executors demanded proof of these alleged debts, I had none to pro-

duce, and was in danger of losing the whole sum. Fortunately, however, Mr. Fish, who was one of the executors, had heard Mr. Packer say before he became speechless, that he owed me some money, and that he wished my charges to be paid. Upon this, the executors admitted my claim, and I shared his estate with the rest of his creditors. I mention this fact in honor of that dear departed friend. Peace be to his ashes!

There is another little occurrence, illustrating the watchful providence of God over me, which I cannot forbear inserting at the close of this chapter.

I was fishing on a certain occasion off the sea-bass banks in a boat called a "smackee," when I hooked a fish some seven or eight feet in length by the tail. Not knowing what to make of it, I looked overboard, and saw that I had hooked a shark! Upon making this discovery, I called a young man who was on board with me to bring his hatchet, and cut off his head. Fearful of breaking my hook, however, in hauling him in, I laid hold of the shark with my hand, and prepared to lift him into the boat. He instantly turned his head, and seized me by the arm; my knee was on the gunwale of the boat, and this sudden movement of the shark very nearly pulled me overboard; but by a sudden spring I broke his hold, though his teeth

tore away pieces of my frock, two shirts, and left their marks in my flesh. This occurrence may certainly be put down among the perils of my life, and ought be remembered among the causes of gratitude to my Divine protector, the Father of Glory!

CHAPTER XIII.

Thus, as has been described in the previous chapters, passed the twenty years of my life, which were spent on the wide ocean. Through all the varied circumstances, perils, and dangers, which befel me, God had been my constant and unfailing friend. He had spread his powerful hand over me in the hour of battle; he had delivered me from the jaws of wild beasts; he had exerted his mysterious power to save me from the engulphing deep, from the furious storm, and from the malice of wicked men. His eye had never slumbered nor ceased to watch over my safety. By day and by night I had been the object of his Fatherly care. His dealings with me had been marked with the most wonderful displays of infinite love.

This love is more apparent when my character is remembered. During the reception of all these favors, I had been living in a state of open rebellion against him. Every gift was met by an act of deadly hostility, of bitter hatred; every blessing he had bestowed upon me, had been expended in fighting against his laws, and government. Why then did he continue to

lavish his gifts npon me? Why did not the ocean become my grave? Why did not the burning fever destroy me? Why did not the iron hail of the battle hour beat me down to destruction? Surely it was because he loved me. His eye pitied; his heart spared; he bore long with me, that I might become a trophy of his power to save. St. Peter explains the glorious mystery of his enduring love, by teaching that the Lord "is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." For that patient long-suffering, which proved to be my salvation, my soul burns with unceasing gratitude: it longs to join with them who sing, "blessings, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!"

Thus far I have had to detail my adventures in foreign climes and distant seas, but henceforth the scenes of my experience are laid in more familiar places; though I trust they will not be found either less interesting or profitable to the reader. Heretofore he has seen me the reckless, thoughtless sailor; hereafter he will trace me in my paths of moral reformation, and spiritual regeneration.

Shortly after the capture of the Fox, I left Mystic, married, and settled in the city of New York.

The first step towards the change which, by the grace of God, was finally accomplished in my character, was my abandonment of the use of spirituous liquors.

The reader need hardly be told that this period (thirty years ago) was not the age of temperance. He will hardly expect that, trained as I had been from my childhood on shipboard, I had escaped that worst of social sins —intemperance. I had not eluded the demon's grasp, but, like all seamen of that time, was an habitual drinker of strong drinks; though I never was so wholly given up to habits of beastly intoxication as are too many of those brave but foolish men who follow the sea. My reformation was brought about by the most unlikely and peculiar means.

One day a party of my Connecticut acquaintances met me in New York, and, as a matter of course, we all went to a groggery for the purpose of cementing our friendship, as we madly supposed, with rum. We drank ourselves stupid, and after sleeping off the deadly fumes and excitement of the spirits, we met again the next day, and drank more freely than before; it was seldom that I had taken sufficient to lose my consciousness, but on this occasion I drank until the house appeared to be in possession of the secret of perpetual motion; for, to my mind, it turned and turned about in a

most mysterious manner. Determined to escape from such a house, I made towards the door, and thrown forward, as I thought, by its motion, fell prostrate on the pavement without. Rising with some difficulty, I started for home, and the next thing of which I was conscious was that I was standing on the edge of a wharf. I had actually staggered to the edge of a dock! One step more would have plunged me into the drunkard's hell! God's mercy restrained me, and I turned from my dangerous position and bent my unsteady steps up-town.

After much ado, and many zigzag wanderings, I reached Canal street. It was not then as it is now, a noble street with fine houses and well-furnished stores, but a partially desolate meadow, with a ditch running through the centre. This ditch was crossed by a bridge, which I must needs get over to reach my residence in Spring street. The bridge was out of repair, and had a plank thrown across for the benefit of foot-passengers. This was an alarming obstacle to me, for if, by a very probable mischance, I should step off the plank, the deep filthy ditch offered but very uncomfortable lodgings, even for a drunkard. So after a little thought, I tried to get my sea legs on, and make a straight course. The first half of this formidable plank I conquered in safety, but then my "top-hamper" began to grow heavy, I

reeled, and was in danger of a position in the ditch beneath. To avoid this, I made a desperate headlong lounge, and happily succeeded in avoiding the dreaded point of danger; but in so doing, I brought up on all fours at the door of a small blacksmith's shop. By this time my senses began to perform their proper office; reflection resumed its sway, and the folly of my conduct appeared to me as it had never done before.

Reflection is what a drunkard needs, but what he dreads the most. As a man, he cannot contemplate the degraded, the beastly, the sensual appearance he makes while intoxicated without loathing himself; he cannot look at the effect of his dire habit on his moral feelings, on his family, and on his own immortal destiny, without a shudder of horror and dismay. Hence he avoids reflection, and continues in his cups.

But my recent escape from drowning at the dock had made a deep impression upon my mind. I yielded to this impression, followed it out, and in the end solemnly resolved never to drink spirituous liquors again, except in some case of necessity. By the grace of God, though there were no temperance societies to foster my infant purposes, and lend me their influence over public sentiment, I kept my resolution. Since then, thirty years have passed over my

head, and I am better satisfied than ever with the wisdom and benefit of that pledge.

But this new-born resolution could not be kept without opposition both from my own depraved appetite, and from the corruptions of society. Scarcely had it been formed before its strength was tested by no very trifling temptation.

The day after the drunken affair just recorded, my business led me to pass by the grocery, which I had formerly frequented; it was kept by a Mrs. Turner. The associates of my revellings, those roystering friends of mine from Connecticut, met me near the door, and insisted upon my going in. I yielded, thus far, though in a man just resolving on reform, this was dangerous. However, I went in, and the whole array of decanters and bottles, filled with the infatuating draught, exerted its mysterious powers over my appetite, calling it into action, and leading it to demand its usual gratification.

This alone has been sufficient in a thousand similar cases to win the half-awakened drunkard back to his cups; and it was a divine energy exerted on my mind which alone prevented it from conquering me. I would earnestly exhort every person in the same situation, by all means to avoid the unholy precincts of a grog-shop. The atmosphere is contagious, and he should fly from it as from a pest-house.

But the sight of the liquor was not the only source of temptation; my companions beset me with their entreaties to drink; my refusal astonished them beyond measure. They insisted, and offered me brandy, rum, gin, cordials, or any of the sparkling bottles of destruction, which loaded down the counter of the grocery. But my mind was fixed, and I still stood firm.

This was a little alarming to Mrs. Turner, the rum-selling matron of the establishment. She was fearful lest she should lose a good customer. So she took one of the men aside, and urged him to do his utmost to make me drunk. I overheard these entreaties, and said, "Mrs. Turner, if you were never mistaken before, you will be to-day, for I will not drink any to please either you or these men.

She growled out a reply, and I shortly after left the store, not a little pleased with the victory I had gained.

What a spectacle does this last scene present to a reflective and religious mind! There I stood trembling between reform and ruin. To drink was to be destroyed, body and soul—to refrain was, under God, to be ultimate salvation. And there stood my companions, themselves enslaved, enticing me to put on anew the chains I had so recently thrown away; there too was a woman—yes a *woman*, in shape at least, joining her persuasions with the rest to induce me to

plunge into the slavery of drunkenness! Where was her heart? Where her *woman's* soul? Covetousness had hardened it—rum-selling had transformed it! Her success in business was identified with the ruin of her customers. If they did not grow poor, naked, sensual, fiendish, she could not prosper! Therefore, she had learned to delight in human ruin, because it filled her purse. Horrid traffic! Destructive alike to its pursuer and his victim. Thank God, that TRUTH has exposed it, and like a dilapidated building, it totters to its final fall.

Still I was not a converted man. My heart was yet estranged from Almighty God, and a stranger to spiritual religion. Many efforts were made by religious people to lead me to the "Lamb of God," but without effect. Sin still retained its dreadful dominion over me, and eight years passed after my reform from drinking, before I became a Christian.

At last my heart was touched. He, who had been a father to me, a poor fatherless boy, and had by so many providences manifested his disposition of love towards me, at last found means to reach my heart of stone. O the depth of his infinite love and wisdom!

The means he employed were of a painful character. I had a boy, upon whom I very fondly doated. He had reached his fifth year, and then his life was taken away. I followed

him to his grave, and left his body there, while I returned home sad, and heart-sick.

With these feelings, I went to see an old friend named William Oliver, who had often spoken to me about my soul, and to him I unbosomed myself without reserve. While relating my loss, he only smiled in reply. "Why do you smile?" I asked him, wondering at his seeming want of sympathy.

"I think," he answered, with the same sweet smile upon his lips, "that your loss will prove a blessing. Go home, my friend, and make your sorrows known to God. Continue to call upon him until you feel that he is your God, and with David are enabled to say, that although the child cannot come to me, I can go to my child; and may you at last meet with your child in heaven."

These words of truth and kindness kept ringing in my ears continually, enforcing those convictions of the Holy Spirit, which were so kindly drawing me to Christ.

With the awakening of my heart, began the most mighty efforts of Satan to prevent me from quitting his service. For many years, he had but little to do to secure my faithfulness. My depraved heart had sought after iniquity with greediness, and needed no peculiar Satanic persuasions to lead it into sin. But now that I began to view myself with a serious eye, and

to meditate on a change of pursuit, the tempter was roused, and settled resolutely down to keep possession of a fortress, in which he had reigned so long without a rival.

His first effort was to persuade me that I was good enough. "You have not drank anything for eight years," he said, "neither are you now a swearer. Why then need you be apprehensive about your soul?" With such flimsy threads as these did the arch-deceiver endeavor to weave for me a garment of self-righteousness, with which to conceal my long career of unpardoned wickedness, and my still existing deformity of heart.

While musing over these views of myself, so gratifying to an unregenerated soul, and yet so unsatisfactory to a half-awakened sinner, my eye rested on a copy of the Bible, which lay upon a bureau, and suddenly a deep conviction that I had not fulfilled its precepts, overwhelmed me. Especially was I reminded that I had been a prayerless man, and that consequently I was not a Bible Christian.

With this new view of my deficiency, I began to pray, expecting to find my darkness fly away, and my comforts flow in apace. Surely, I persuaded myself, the blessed experience of the people of God will now be mine. But to my utter discomfiture, the more I prayed, the greater was my misery. My sins rose in vast moun-

tain piles before my vision, the awful peril of a wicked man was revealed to my wondering soul, until I was ready to exclaim:

> "A fallen creature I was born,
> And from my birth I strayed;
> I must be wretched and forlorn
> Without thy mercy's aid."

Despondency dark as night now settled down upon my soul, and with the Psalmist I was ready to say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me?" But I could not yet add with him, "Hope thou in God," for I knew not then the blessed way of faith.

While in this frame of mind, as I stood in the market one morning, a tailor who lived opposite, and who was making me a new suit of clothes, called me into his shop, and inquired what was the matter with me. This was just what I desired, and so, without questionings, I unfolded all my feelings in his ears. Having very patiently heard me through, he said to me, "Well, what are you going to do?"

"I shall try to work out my salvation with fear and trembling, as the Lord has commanded me," I replied.

"Haven't you been to hear the Methodists preach?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"I thought so, that 's what has set you about the task of going to Heaven by your good works."

"But I never heard the Methodists preach that doctrine."

"Well, they do, and you need not make yourself miserable, for *you* can do nothing. I advise you to go home and be easy, for if your salvation *is* to be, it *will* be, and if you *are* to be lost, you can't help it. So you had better go home and make yourself easy."

This somewhat roused me, and I replied, "Sir, your advice is a contradiction."

"How so?" he demanded.

"Why you tell me that I can *do* nothing, and then add, that I must go home and make my mind easy, which *is* doing something. Is not that a contradiction?"

He then, with great fluency of speech, entered on a stormy defence of the high Calvinistic theory, contending for that horrid dogma which teaches that there are children of the most tender ages in hell. To all his arguments, I replied as well as a little common sense, and my small stock of Scriptural information, permitted.

While this war of words proceeded, his wife, hearing our voices, came in from another room. I said to him, "Is that your wife?"

"Yes, sir, that is my wife."

"Have you a child?"

"Yes."

"You love your wife and child, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose God should take away your child by death, you go to church, and hear the minister teach the congregation, that hell is peopled in part with infants, such as you have recently lost. How could you tell but that yours might be among the number reprobated? Would not your nature shudder? Would not your heart shrink from such teachings with horror? And can that be the doctrine of the Lord Jesus, which makes human nature stand trembling with dismay for what it could not avoid? Impossible!"

I talked on in this strain for some time in my feeble manner, and as I endeavored to honor the Saviour, and to show that love such as his could not comport with such opinions as he taught, my mind caught a glorious sight of the fulness of atoning mercy. I saw that the blood of Jesus was all-powerful to save even me, and clinging to the sweet thought, my heart apprehended the way of faith, the scales fell from my eyes, my soul was baptized with a flood of divine light, my wounded spirit was healed, and the Comforter testified to my forgiveness. Then I *knew* that the "Son of Man" had power on earth to forgive sins.

Meanwhile the wife of the tailor was deeply

affected; she had once buried a beloved babe, and the possibility of its being in perdition, according to the doctrines of her husband, absolutely horrified her. The poor woman wept. Seeing her distress, I comforted her with the words of my now precious Saviour, as addressed to his disciples, when they repulsed the mothers, who in the fulness of maternal solicitude sought a blessing at his hands for their babes, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The reader will perceive that my conversion took place under rather peculiar circumstances. Very rarely, it seems to me, are men converted during doctrinal debates, such as I was engaged in with this tailor. Their ordinary effect is to darken the mind, and to throw it into blindness; and that *seeker* of religion who indulges in them is, to say the least, very unwise. But in my case I did not seek the controversy. My mind was sorrowfully saying, in the language of the Greeks who went to the apostle Philip, "Sir, I would see Jesus," and when the tailor spoke to me, I hoped he was one of those disciples who would delight to show me into the presence of my Lord. Instead of this, he endeavored to discourage me, because he suspected me of the religious crime of being a Methodist! The views he advanced appeared to my simple

mind, to be dishonoring to Christ. With a pure purpose of honoring that great, ineffable name, I opposed his opinions, and while in that work God honored me by revealing his love to my heart O wonderful condescension! Almighty love! Then I could joyfully sing with the poet:

"To dwell with sinners here below
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!

O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist steadfast in the faith." This exhortation by the Apostle Peter to the young disciples of his times, is suited to all ages of the church, and to every disciple who puts on the gospel harness. I found it needful in my case from the moment of my first faith in Christ; for if Satan had done much prior to my conversion, he did more after he found that the power of Christ had delivered me from the bondage of his service. He roared loudly in his wrath, and then brought all his fearful skill to bear on my poor feeble heart, in order to destroy its peace, and baffle it in its pursuit after glory.

He allowed me, however, to rejoice unmolested during the day of my conversion. Perhaps the Master held his chain, and restrained his efforts. But in the following night he opened the vials of his wrath upon my devoted head.

I had occasion that night to rise at midnight to call up the men who sailed in a fishing smack, for which I attended the market. After returning from this duty to my chamber, the

tempter beset me. As it was with the patriarch Abraham in the hour of sacrifice, so it was with me; a horror of thick darkness fell upon me, and I was greatly distressed. As most young disciples do, I reasoned with my arch-enemy; but his masterly logic was too much for me, and my gloom deepened more and more. Then I was in great danger of casting away my confidence; but the promise that "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him" was soon verified, for in the midst of my despair, a voice in my heart whispered, "Call upon the name of the Lord!"

This was the sure way out of trouble. I obeyed the divine suggestion, and poured my spirit out in prayer to my Heavenly Father: crying, "Lord help me! Lord save, or I perish." And he did hear, and save me; for, almost immediately the spell of the tempter was broken, a glorious light broke into my soul, and my mind rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Indeed, it seemed to me, that the light of God's presence filled my room: a radiant circle glowed round my bed for a moment, and when it disappeared a sweetly calm assurance filled my overflowing soul, and I rejoiced that the salvation of Christ was not only mine, but that it was free for the whole world. I also felt a holy comfort in the reflection that my depart-

ed child was in glory, and that the love of Christ welcomed both me and mine to join him there. Oh, that was a night of glorious experience.

Since that night, I have had many similar trials: from the world, the flesh, and the devil, I have met with unceasing and determined opposition. Sore and heavy have been many of my conflicts; and very numerous have been my spiritual enemies. But Christ has been my strength and defender: when storms have raged like whirlwinds, and seas have roared and rolled their waves over my head, and the violence of these fierce temptations has threatened to sweep me into ruin and despair, He, my eternal Saviour, has taught me to cast my care upon him. By so doing, I have found Him to be my deliverer in the time of trouble. He has always said to me, as He did to the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Finding that it was needful for me to have the watch-care of the church over my inexperienced footsteps, I joined a class led by that dear spiritual friend, William Oliver, who first advised me to seek the Lord by prayer. This was a prudent step, for many a time has the delightful influence of the class-meeting brought comfort and strength to my discouraged and enfeebled mind.

Many persons often say of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that they should like its

communion were it not for class-meetings. These they regard with an insuperable prejudice. This is a remarkably strange prejudice, at least so it appears to my mind. Why should a Christian, or a serious person, object to meeting once a week for spiritual conversation? Is not such conversation necessary to maintain the life of God in the soul? Has it not always been sought for by holy men? We read in the prophet, that "They who feared the Lord, met often one with another," and for what did they meet, but to relate the wonderful dealings of God with their souls? This is precisely the object of class-meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their utility has been demonstrated by their success, and no doubt the day of judgment will show that tens of thousands owe their perseverance in well doing to their genial influence. For my part, I can but bless the name of the Lord, that I was ever introduced into one of these delightful meetings.

"For God speaketh in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

This passage, from the book of Job, is offered as an apology, if one is needed, for inserting the following remarkable (perhaps it may be called extravagant) dream.

In this dream, there appeared before me a

steep mountain, like to that which I saw on the island of St. Thomas, when making my escape from the English cruiser. The sides of this mountain were covered with thorns and briars, and were full of jagged rocks. They were so precipitous, that I thought I had to climb up on my hands and knees, but after great difficulty, I succeeded in reaching the top.

Then, in my dream, I beheld a vast plain, exceedingly beautiful, and beyond it, the tops of many houses were visible. So I descended the hill, and found the plain full of all kinds of animals and birds, remarkably tame and pretty. Everything appeared to be pleasant and delightful.

While I was enjoying the beauty of this enchanting spot, I was suddenly alarmed by a terrific roaring behind me. Looking round, in much fear, I saw a large angry bull, running toward me in a great rage. I thought that I ran away from him in a great fright; he pursued me closely, and at last, in my flight, I saw a small cottage. Hoping to escape the fury of my incensed pursuer, I ran toward it, and entering the door, I shut and fastened it. But the bull came on, rushed against the door, and then pushed at me in the room. I ran out to the plain again, and the bull still followed me, until I was reduced to a state of mind bordering on despair. When in this extremity, I thought a

voice whispered in my ear, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." At the same moment a pile of wood appeared before me. Then I ran to the wood-pile, and seizing a stick like a club, stood on the defensive. The bull came madly toward me, but as soon as he saw my weapon, I thought that he turned into a goat. As he advanced toward me, I seized his horns with my left hand, and then belabored him soundly with my club, until he lay quietly at my feet.

Then I saw in my dream that I went joyfully forward on the plain, until I came to a large multitude of people, and a voice whispered in my ear, "You must pray." I thought that I made many excuses, such as I had often made when responsible duties were urged upon me; but the voice still whispered, "You must pray." At last, I thought that I yielded to the voice, and began to pray where I stood. Then the voice whispered, "You must bow down and worship before the Lord;" so I fell upon my knees. But the voice whispered again, "You must uncover your head." So I removed my hat, and finished my prayer

It then appeared, that I was very much fatigued, and sought a flat rock, upon which I sat down to rest. While there, a very large dignified-looking man approached me, and said to me, "What denomination do *I* belong to?"

"That is not a fair question," I replied.

"But," he rejoined, "you must tell me."

Upon this, I thought in my dream, that I looked him full in the face, and discovered that he had but one eye, which was very large, and in the middle of his forehead. As I gazed upon him, his thoughts became visible to me through his eye, and I thought I could read this sentiment, traced in letters on his brain: "I believe that God has fore-ordained whatsoever cometh to pass, and that he has predestinated some to be saved, and others to be lost." So I replied to him, "You are a Presbyterian."

He made no reply, and I went on to say, "Now you must tell me what I am?"

"You are a Methodist," was his answer.

"Yes," said I, "I am, and I thank God for it."

After this, I thought that I left this large man with one eye, and journeyed on across the plain, until I came to another lofty mountain. There I saw a house on the brink of a fearful precipice standing on two skids. Surprised at this sight, I stepped in front of the house, wondering in my mind at the folly of placing a house in such a dangerous situation. While indulging in these thoughts, a woman came to the door. "Do you live here?" said I, addressing her.

"Yes," she answered.

"Why the house looks as if it would fall."

"The house is better than you think for,"

said she in reply, and then turning round entered the house again.

So I thought in my dream that I ventured in myself, to see how it looked inside. This I did very carefully, for fear it should fall. When I reached the inside, I looked round and saw a square scuttle in the centre of the room. I approached it, and to my great horror beheld a frightful gulph, dark, and as far as I could see, without a bottom. Then I examined the scuttle, and found the sills all loose, and whenever I touched them the whole building shook violently as though it would fall about my ears. Then I thought that I took a nail from my pocket, and when I had placed it into the sill it entered by the pressure of my hand, and then everything stood firm and immoveable. Upon this I awoke, and as the immortal Bunyan says, "Behold it was a dream."

Having related the dream, it is presumed that the reader will like to know what sort of an exposition I gave it, and to what spiritual uses I applied it in my experience. He shall be gratified with my explanations; and if they appear unsatisfactory, he is at perfect liberty to expound it to suit his own taste.

The mountain represents the difficulties which meet the Christian at the outset of his religious experience. The plain, full of beauty and delight, is a picture of the sweet and glorious

enjoyments of a true disciple; while the appearance and pursuit of the wild bull teaches the truth, that amidst all the joys of religion the disciple must expect opposition from the great enemy of souls. My flight and fear show the weakness of the Christian if he tries to escape this foe by his own powers, as I trusted to my *speed*. The cottage, with its uselessness as a hiding-place, vividly pictures the fallacy of trying to escape Satan's devices by carnal or intellectual reasonings. The voice which said resist the devil, is the Holy Ghost. The large pile of wood to which I fled at last, may (though the metaphor is somewhat unseemly) represent the throne of grace, which is the only place of refuge for a hunted soul. The club represents the prayer of faith, the only effectual weapon of a Christian, and the transformation of the bull to a goat, and the final subjection of the latter, are illustrations of the power of prayer over Satan; for

> "Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees."

The continued beauty of the plain shows that joy returns to the Christian's heart after its conflicts. The multitude represents the world, and my meeting with it teaches that as disciples we must carry our religion into society, and bear the marks of our profession into the

presence of the people. My excuses illustrate the too common reluctance of my heart, and the hearts of Christians generally, to make religion an open every-day matter. The rock on which I found repose, is Christ, in leaning upon whom the believer finds the most blessed rest of spirit, as Christ promised when he said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

The one-eyed man may represent bigotry, which has an eye only for *theory* and creeds, and whether found in a Methodist or Presbyteterian cares more for the letter than for the Spirit; more for the modes of faith than for a right state of the heart. Perhaps my Heavenly Father meant to teach me to beware of this evil spirit, in the discussions about doctrine which were so common in those days.

The house standing so perilously on the brink of a precipice seemed to me to be a lively figure of the desperate condition of an impenitent sinner trembling on the verge of ruin. The woman is the spirit of pride, and carnal security in the sinner, which says, "I am good enough, I need no Saviour yet." The scuttle in the centre, with its darkness beneath, I took to be the human heart in its depraved state; the trembling condition of the house, when the sills were touched, is a picture of the fear and quaking of the sinner when truth is applied to

his heart by a disciple of Christ. The nail is the promise of the gospel, which, received into the heart, brings firmness, peace, and safety to the sinner. The sinking of the nail into the sill, shows that the heart must yield *itself* to the Word, while its being placed there by my hand, taught me that God would and does employ the feeblest of his creatures to accomplish the mightiest results. Thus did I interpret my dream, and often has its recollection led me into trains of useful and profitable reflections, which have exerted a salutary influence over my soul in its subsequent pilgrimages.

Shortly after I was favored with this dream, the season arrived for the Haverstraw camp-meeting, and having the opportunity, I resolved to attend with my family.

Has the reader ever visited the "tented grove" during the feast of Tabernacles? If so, he knows how glorious the grove becomes, when its sylvan arches ring with the songs of the happy children of Zion. Perhaps, so far as employment is concerned, there is no place on earth which is so much like Heaven as a camp-meeting. There the world is excluded, its cares and anxieties are laid aside, the sole business of the assembled multitude is to "Work the work of God." The morning awakes them to the sweet work of prayer and praise; presently the reverberating horn bids them gather before

the rustic pulpit to be fed with the bread of life. How bright the faces which cluster there! How full of deep emotion the song which swells in strains of sweetness into a chorus of harmonious sounds that reach the upper skies, and give pleasure to the church above. Then the prayer-meeting, the praying-circle, the band of mourners, the touching pathos of the sermons and exhortations! How absorbing! How touching! With what heavenly sobriety the children of God walk to their noon-tide meal! How gratefully they partake of the frugal fare! How ardently they return to their devotions—to the secret arbor in the grove for solitary communing with God, and for deep heart-searching examination of themselves. Thus passes the day until

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

silences the voice of song, and hushes the vast encampment to repose. Then angel bands keep watch, and each guardian spirit rejoices over the brightening prospects of his slumbering charge. Happy days! Would that their spirit were carried through the year, and filled the church in all its departments and duties!

During the first days of this meeting at Haverstraw, I found the Lord very precious to my soul. A constant rain of joy poured down from heaven into my heart. My soul was full, my

cup ran over. Floods of tears, the overflowings of my bliss, ran down my cheeks, and words of praise spontaneously burst from my lips. This was living to some purpose, and I could say with the poet:

> "My happy soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing herself away
> To everlasting bliss."

But I even here found that my dream had its reality, for before the meeting closed, I was the subject of a most singular temptation, through which my enemy robbed me of my joy, and plunged me into despondency and wo.

One day during the progress of the meeting, I took my family for a walk into the adjoining fields. As we passed through a field of corn, we saw a man eating the raw ears of corn. I went up to him, and said, "Are you a stranger here, sir?"

"Yes, I came up with some of my brethren from Long Island."

By this reply, I judged him to be a professor of religion, and yet from his eating the raw corn I thought he might be a poor brother in need of pecuniary aid: so I said to him, "Are you needy?"

To this question he did not give me any direct reply, but began to enlarge upon his religious experience. From his statements, he

was a seafaring man, and knew something of the Christian religion, and yet there was an occasional incoherency of manner about him, which perplexed me in forming a judgment of his character. But presently his breath, strong as a rum-cask, entered my nostrils, and made me suspicious of him, so I said, "Old man, you appear to be well stricken in years; but bear with me, if I urge you to beware of strong drink."

"Oh," said he carelessly, "I was not well this morning, and I only took a little spirits to help me."

"True," I replied, "Rum may be of use sometimes as a medicine, but, from twenty years' experience, I am led to think that book, which directs it, is of the devil: it prescribes rum for all diseases. For cold, you are told to drink it, to make you warm; if you are warm, you must not dare to drink water unless first tinctured with rum: if sad, rum is to be taken in order to be made merry, and if sick of any disease, rum is to make us well. And you know that the devil is a liar, and everything he says of rum is false; for its only effect is to make a man 'earthly sensual, and devilish.'"

With these and other remarks, I left the old man and returned to the circle of tents. All at once, a cloud gathered over my mind, and I became very wretched. Something accused

me of wrong, because I had not given that old man some money. I prayed, and felt willing to be buried alive, to obtain the divine favor, but still the accusing voice persisted in charging me with wrong.

Seeing me to be very much cast down, my brethren endeavored to comfort me: especially brother Charles Butler, one of my class-mates. "Go," said he, "Go to the love feast and open your mouth for the Lord, and the powers of darkness will vanish away."

"No," said I, refusing to be comforted; I want to be alone in secret converse with God."

Nothing would satisfy my conscience, it seemed to me, but to find the old man, and give him some money. But this I was unable to do, and my despondency continued more and more. I left the meeting in this frame of mind, and when on board the steamboat, returning to New York, Br. Higgins, then the chorister of Duane Street Church, and a dear friend with whom I had often taken sweet counsel, said, as he talked with another friend, "Here comes one of our fishermen, I hope he has mended his net." I could not find words to reply, but passed silently on.

This frame of mind continued for several days; until as I was going to the Washington market one day, my mind was powerfully directed to a review of the past mercies of God

toward me. All his goodness passed before me, and as "I mused, the fire burned," until a thrill of holy joy rushed through my soul. Once more the sun of righteousness shone forth—darkness fled before the brightness of his face, and unspeakable bliss filled my rejoicing heart. "Bless the Lord!" I exclaimed aloud several times. But the enemy interfered, and told me, that if I did not hold my peace, the people would take me to be a fool. Still, I resolved that I would rejoice, and such was the ecstasy of my feelings, that I forgot my errand, forgot where I was, until I found myself in Broadway near the Park. There my joy ran over, and I shouted aloud to the glory of God my Redeemer. What the people thought I knew not, neither did I care. One thing I knew, and that was, my soul was exceedingly happy.

This portion of my experience may be useful to my fellow-travellers to Zion, as illustrative of Satan's devices. That accusation which brought me into such darkness and sorrow was no doubt from the devil. Coming upon me thus like an angel of light, he made me treat it as if it was from God. Hence my conscience was troubled, and of necessity remained so, as long as this view of the matter possessed my mind. Could I have had the heavenly wisdom to compare the accusation with the word of God, I should have seen that it was groundless. I had violated no

duty to God or man in my interview with that half drunken man, and ought not therefore to have condemned myself. But this was one of Satan's devices, of which I had not then skill enough to understand. But thanks be unto God, he at last gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May he always thus be my deliverer, until I stand clothed in the Righteousness of Christ at his right hand, where there are fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

CHAPTER XV.

THE reader has now followed me through the most stirring portions of my eventful life: if his patience be not utterly exhausted, I will detain him a short time longer, while, in a concluding chapter, I relate some detached incidents which tend further to exhibit the merciful care of my Almighty Father.

I was once sailing from Mystic to New York, in a whale-boat loaded with lobsters, in the month of March. When we started, the weather was quite pleasant for the season, but before we reached a little west of New London, it became thick and stormy, and at last a violent snow-storm set in. We had no compass, and the snow was so thick, we could not see either ahead or astern.

Captain George Ashby, being aboard, said there was a small harbor under the west shore, called Waterford Cove, and we agreed to put in there for safety.

Accordingly, Captain Ashby took the helm, and I took my place on the bow, to look out. Presently we came close on to breakers, and I shouted to him, "There is nothing but breakers ahead."

"Yes," he halloaed in reply, "but we shall make a channel when we get nearer in shore."

"Then you had better let me take the helm, while you look out for the channel," I responded.

To this he agreed, and I took the helm. We still stood in shore. After a short time, we struck on the mouth of the channel, and the waters began to wash violently over the gunwale.

We tried our oars, but without effect; she still stuck fast. I then jumped overboard, and pushed her bow round, so that she floated, but did not proceed far, before she grounded again. Once more I jumped overboard, but could not move her. I then said, "Captain Ashby, I will try to find the shore, for it must be very near us on the north, and you must halloa to me when I get out of sight, that I may know where to find you."

With this remark, I waded away from the boat, and was soon out of sight. After walking some distance the water grew deeper, and then one of my feet plunged deep into the mud. With much difficulty, I recovered my foothold again, and seeing it was impossible to go any farther, I started back towards the boat. But this was much easier resolved on than performed. Standing so long in the water had chilled me, and when I turned round the wind and

snow beat violently in my face. To render my condition worse, I had thrown off my coat and mittens before leaving the boat, and I now grew so benumbed, that I could scarcely step. A powerful stupor also came over me, and it was only by the mightiest efforts of mind that I kept from dropping down to sleep. At last, my hand grasped the boat, and instantly I fell asleep. Knowing that to sleep in my condition was to die, Captain Ashby, and another man on board, used their utmost efforts to awaken me. They succeeded, and then the boat was got off, and we reached the shore. There they found a fish-hut. They made a fire, carried me to the hut, for I was as yet unable to walk, and rolled me about until my stupor and numbness left me. This was another escape from an unnatural death; for which I owe a debt of gratitude to God.

Some time in the year 1815, I remember receiving some money from Connecticut, and not knowing whether the bills were receivable in this city, or not, I took them into a grocery store in Coffee-house Slip, kept by a Mr. Ray. While he was looking over the bills, eight ill-looking men entered his store. Their language was very vile, and after looking earnestly at me for some time, they tried to engage me in conversation with them; but not liking their ap-

pearance, I said but little, and left the store as soon as possible.

The next day was Christmas day, and my wife's uncle wished me to go with him to Coffee-house Slip, to see his brother-in-law. As we passed a house in the Slip, some very rough-looking men rushed out, and made towards me. Expecting some severe usage, I stood on the defensive; they pushed me upon some barrels, which I got over, though I know not how, without falling down. I then went in to Mr. Ray's store, it being next door, and asked him what these men meant. Before he could reply, some of them came into the store, and appearing to be very friendly, asked me to drink. I refused, but told them they might take what they pleased, and I would pay for it. I hoped this would satisfy them, and that I should then get away peaceably.

They now invited me to go into the next house, and see who it was that insulted me, promising to see me fairly used, but at the persuasion of my wife's uncle, who now came in, I declined, and prepared to leave; especially as I discovered them to be the men who had seen me examining the bills with Mr. Ray, the day before.

Before I could leave the room, however, one of them seized me by the throat, and tried to choke me; but by an adroit movement I eluded

his grasp; and as a man came in just then who knew me, they offered no further violence.

I then left the house, and met a large number of the gang (for there were thirty or forty of them in the whole) at the door. They allowed me and my uncle to pass unmolested, and we proceeded toward the dock.

After a few minutes they pursued us, and coming up, commenced a regular assault; in the affray both my arms were broken, and my right elbow put out of joint. How far they would have carried matters, it is not for me to say: fortunately a peace-officer approached, and they fled, after having most brutally kicked me in the face and head. They probably designed to rob me; their wicked cupidity having been excited by the sight of my money. Their passions being inflamed by drink, they might have added murder to robbery. But they were restrained by the good hand of the Lord, who thus kindly delivered me from bloodthirsty thieves.

This was not my only adventure with thieves. I remember, when I was engaged in fishing for bass, below the Battery, that some thievish fellows used to steal our fish, and sometimes they carried off our nets also.

After sustaining frequent losses of this nature, Mr. Benedict Wells, James Devoe and myself, determined to watch them. One night we went

down and lay in our boat, under the Fort, now called Castle Garden. After watching awhile we saw a boat quietly dropping down toward our nets, containing two men. In order to make sure of them, if they should put for the shore, and reach it before us, we despatched Mr. Devoe for a watchman, to look out for them on the wharf.

When they were fairly engaged in taking the fish from our nets, we started in pursuit. They soon discovered us, and throwing overboard what they had taken, began to pull towards Whitehall dock with all their strength. We soon overtook them, and when we came alongside, I ran ahead to secure their painter. While in this act, one of them struck me with an oar, and cut open my head; he was preparing to strike me a second time, but I seized his oar, and pulling it out of his hands threw it into the boat; at the same time arming myself with an offensive weapon. Before I could use it, however, Mr. Wells knocked him down with an oar.

We had a gun lying on the stern sheets, already loaded. We were incautious enough to have it there, and one of the thieves discovered and seized it. This was a perilous moment. The gun was raised, and just as he was in the act of discharging it, Mr. Wells seized the muzzle, and by main force wrenched it from his

hands. They then surrendered, and taking the boat in tow we pulled for the Washington market. Just as we reached the Slip, they cut the painter, and as we had foolishly left them their oars, they rowed hastily toward Whitehall dock. We pursued, and should soon have overtaken them, but for my faintness from the loss of blood. As it was, we reached them as they entered the Slip. One of them got ashore, but we captured the other, and the first had not proceeded far before he was met by Mr. Devoe, the watchman, and made a prisoner also. They pleaded very hard with us not to expose them on account of their families, and having given us their names, and promised to pay damages, we let them go. They kept their word the next morning, and so the matter ended.

But the casualties which have so often brought me into the very jaws of the grave were not all over. As I was unloading a smack on one occasion, several boys jumped on to her deck. Presently one of them exclaimed, "He is sinking!" Looking up from below, I saw a child struggling in the water: in a moment I was swimming towards him, and soon reached him. As I was getting up with the child out of the water, I struck the head of the bridge which ran through the dock under water. The tide was running very strong, and it was only by making the most desperate exertion, that we both es-

caped drowning. Thus I came near falling a sacrifice in my effort to save a fellow creature from drowning.

A still more critical exposure remains to be recorded. I had been lifting my nets one day above the Red-fort, and was returning down to the Battery. As I passed the foot of Barclay street, the Hoboken ferry-boat dropped out from the slip, and immediately ran foul of my boat, striking her amidships. I sprang from my seat and grasped the bow of the steam-boat, where I held on firmly. But looking down I saw my companion still in the boat petrified with fear, and in danger of being drawn in under the wheel. So I dropped into the boat again, and tried to push her off, to keep her clear of the wheel. Having pushed the stern of the boat off, I rushed to the bow, but was obliged to leap instantly into the water to prevent myself from being torn to pieces by the paddle. So strong was the suction, however, that I was drawn so near to the wheel, that the paddles struck me two severe blows on the leg. When the steamer had passed I saw my boat was cut in two, and the man still clinging to her stern. Having been injured by the wheel I began to lose my strength, and was on the point of sinking, when a boat put out from the shore, and picked me and my companion from the water. Surely this was escaping by the "skin of my teeth."

Shortly after this adventure I had the opportunity of testing the power of my religion in affliction. A pleurisy fever laid its burning hand upon me, and brought me close down to the valley of the shadow of death. My life was despaired of, both by physicians and friends; all intercourse with the living was prohibited; life seemed to be passing away; eternity was approaching. Still I felt no terror; Divine comfort filled my heart; sweet consolation sustained me. My soul burned to declare the goodness of the Lord to all, and when I came forth from my affliction it was with a conviction that it "was good for me to be afflicted." My faith was stronger; my hopes more brilliant; my purposes of holy living more deep. How true it is that "All things work together for good to those who love God."

One more incident, illustrative of the goodness of God, must close this volume.

On the fourth of July, 1839, I, with my family, went with a large number of Sunday-school children in the steam-boat Sampson to Staten Island on an innocent pleasure excursion.

The day was delightful, and after a safe trip to the Island across the beautiful bay of New York, we re-embarked our numerous passengers, and prepared to return. On the way back I was sitting beneath the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful bay around me. My family,

consisting of eleven souls, were all with me there, except two of my sons. The promenade deck was densely crowded with children and others full of innocent gaiety and joy. All at once I perceived that, as they walked about above, the deck moved backward and forward. Pointing to it, I said to some who were near me, "There must be a great weight on the promenade deck! See how it works about. We had better get from beneath it."

With this remark, several of us got up to get to another and safer spot, but before we could accomplish our purpose, the deck fell with a tremendous crash. Fearful were the cries, groans, and shrieks, which rung upon the air in this awful moment. Old and young mingled their cries together in terror; children cried for their parents, and parents for their children; the scene was one of the most painful I ever witnessed, not excepting the hour of battle, or the night of storm. The horror was increased among those who were crowded beneath the fallen deck, by the partial darkness which it occasioned. But I cannot describe it. I remember that my first inquiry was for my wife and children, but such were the gloom and confusion that they could not at first be distinguished from the rest of the trembling groups. Presently I heard my eldest son calling to those on the promenade deck to get off, in order to

lighten its weight, and relieve the sufferers underneath. Many of them did so, and it was very much lightened.

He then crept underneath, and found his mother and sisters crowded down into their seats, and unable to move. With a giant effort, he put his shoulder to the deck, and raised it enough for them to get from under. The backs of the settees kept it from crushing the people to death.

Then I recollect seeing Mrs. Forple bending over her husband in great distress, and crying, "Are you dead? are you dead?" This gentleman had fallen under a beam, which lay across his back, and he had all the appearance of being dead. His wife was endeavoring to draw his seat from beneath him, so that he might lie on the deck. I crept to his assistance, and succeeded in releasing him, though, as he fell, I really thought he was dead.

Hearing another man, whose leg was jammed between the railing and promenade deck, crying for help, I went and extricated him. Then seeing no further opportunity of helping the sufferers, I crept from beneath it, and met my son in great affliction concerning Mr. Forple, who was his Sunday-school teacher, and whom he loved most tenderly. So I went to where he lay, and asked him how he felt, "O," said he, "my pain is very severe, but my soul is very happy!" and

then he wished me to inquire about his wife, who had now left the deck. Going to the cabin-door I asked after her. Some one replied, "We have had inquiries enough already, and don't want any more."

"But," said I, "I have come by the request of her husband who is almost dead, and I will know before I go back."

"That is right," said a gentleman standing in the crowd. So at last I ascertained that she was alive and in the cabin, with which tidings I returned to her husband.

Such were the scenes on board the Sampson on that disastrous day, as they fell under my eye. I record them as a matter of thankfulness for the escape of my own family from death, and as affording an illustration of the great uncertainty of human life and health. Dangers stand everywhere armed to the teeth, to hurry us poor mortals home. How needful then that we live in a state of instant preparation!

Thus, dear reader, I have conducted you through the mazes of my life and experience. You have seen the Divine goodness manifested toward me in an extraordinary manner. You have seen me delivered from almost every kind of peril, by land, by sea, by day, by night. Everywhere the good hand of my God has been upon me. And all these providences were

steadily directed to one great end—my conversion. Thanks be to God, that end has been accomplished. After all my wickedness, I am, by the grace of God, a Christian.

Would that I could impress the truth upon the heart of my reader, that all God's dealings with him have the same object in respect to himself. Every transaction of Divine providence has aimed at this great object. May those efforts be as successful in your case, as in mine.

And now, in closing, I wish to say to the world, that my course is still heavenward. My prayer is, that the Captain of my salvation may steer my bark in safety, that pleasant gales may waft me onward, and that I may find a glorious harbor in that haven, where storms never disturb their tranquillity, where danger never rears its head, where God's presence is the sun, and His Glory the great reward of his saints. I expect trials on the voyage: but these do not discourage me. I expect many more conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil, but I am not alarmed; I expect to meet man's greatest enemy, the monster Death at last, but I am not terrified; for as I view all, or either of these discouraging features of the future, I hear the sweet voice of the Master, saying, Fear not, little one, it is my Father's good

pleasure, to give you the kingdom—My grace is sufficient for thee. And my soul responds, Amen, even so, Lord Jesus.

CONCLUDING NOTE.—The writer begs to ask the indulgence of the reader, for the absence of dates and names, which he may have noticed. This book was written from memory, unaided by journals. This fact may also have occasioned some few inaccuracies, in the detail of particular incidents, though it is believed these are few. The book is true, though being composed of recollections, it may lack that freshness which is given to a narrative written under the impulse of recent occurrences. Still, it is believed that the perusal of these pages has afforded the reader both pleasure and profit.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 418